

T H E
PROGRESS OF LOVE;

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T H E H I S T O R Y
O F
S T E P H E N E L L I O T.

I N T H R E E V O L U M E S.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N:
P R I N T E D B Y L. W A Y L A N D,
F O R T. V E R N O R, B I R C H I N - L A N E, C O R N H I L L.
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PROGRESS of LOVE.

CHAP. I.

THE morning sun had not quite imbibed the dew which the evening had spread over the forests and the fields in the month of June, when Stephen Elliot, stung with the thoughts of last night's imprudence, arose from his bed, and taking his horse, endeavoured to dissipate his uneasy reflections by a ride. He had been but a short time entered a Fellow-commoner in Trinity College, Cambridge; he was young and inexperienced, having been privately educated, but he was therefore virtuous. His father, who possessed an estate of about 1500l. a year, had committed him solely to the care of the

virtuous Doctor Enfor, who being a near relation of his, an excellent scholar, and having no wife, had besought the education of him as an amusement, and the proficiency of his pupil shewed that he was equal to the task.

Young Elliot's present contrition arose from his having the night before not only lost all his money at piquet, but incurred a considerable debt to a young gentleman, who, in the true spirit of the age, would not actually flip a card, but thought it very fair to take every advantage of his antagonist's ignorance of the game. He was chagrined at his loss; but the observations of his friend, Doctor Enfor, had made a much severer impression on him.— That wise man, after dwelling upon the particular inconveniences which attended his pupil's loss, thus exclaimed: "It is dreadful to feel an attachment to gambling, even in advanced life: but when it creeps into the seminaries

naries of education, and takes possession of youth; when emulation and activity are engaged in practising it, instead of acquiring knowledge; when this baneful nightshade of luxury twines round the heart, instead of the laurels of literature, the very basis of private and public virtue is destroyed. A vice unnatural to youth lays hold of it, and universal covetousness infatuates the young as well as the old. Adieu to public spirit and to liberty! Hence it is, Britain, that your lords and senators are corrupt. Among your sons the greatest calamity is poverty, and your nobles find out this new, unfathomable channel for scattering their wealth.—He who thus throws away his riches in impious contempt of his ancestors' honours, and horrid destruction of his posterity's happiness, will have but little consideration for those principles of patriotism, which want and avarice stimulate him to violate. The descendant

of him who tore the liberties of the people from the strong and sacred grasp of monarchs, becomes the servant of a minister, who must feed with the substance of the industrious the extravagance of the venal. Of all vices, my dear Stephen, never be guilty of this, which neither the admonishing debility, nor total failure of your constitution can warn you to suppress. By means of it, the opulence which it has been the work of ages to accumulate, may, like fairy wealth, vanish in an instant; and the lord of provinces, on whose smiles the happiness of numbers hangs to-day, may to-morrow be transformed into the needy, fawning slave of his former sycophant."

Such were the general reflections of the Doctor, and they were not thrown away upon Stephen. The consideration of them still continued to occupy his mind, when his attention was suddenly called off, by a horse galloping

loping by him, saddled and bridled, but without a rider. Afraid that some accident must have happened, he rode smartly on, and discovered a gentleman lying senseless and bleeding on the road. Infligated by humanity, he alighted from his horse, and perceived that the unfortunate man was still alive. After some time, the gentleman had so far recovered his senses as to be sensible of his situation, and to thank his benefactor for the assistance he had afforded him. Elliot insisted upon helping the stranger to mount his horse, that he might conduct him to his house. Having effected this, he walked beside him until they arrived at Castlemont, the seat of Lord Moreton, who was himself the person that Elliot had met in the senseless situation we have described.

His Lordship's family, who had been very much alarmed at seeing his horse come home without a rider, were now

as much rejoiced to see him so well. Indeed, he had been only stunned by the fall he had received from the plunging of his horse, and except a slight head-ach and a small cut on the side of his head, was now perfectly recovered. His Lordship introduced Elliot to his Lady and her two daughters, Lady Frances and Lady Adelaide Moreton. Lady Frances, who was the elder, was tall, thin, pale, and rather handsome, but the appearance of the younger was captivating in the highest degree. Her beauty was like that of the rose-bud, whose half-opened blushing foliage disclosed a promise of unrivalled bloom and fragrance; or like the golden smiles of the dawn, which foretell the radiant splendor of a beauteous day. She appeared to be between sixteen and seventeen years old; the age when the female heart is most susceptible of impression, and when

when the manners are not thoroughly broken to dissimulation.

Poor Stephen, bred up in retirement, and educated by an old bachelor, was totally unused to female company, and felt very awkward on his introduction to ladies of such elegance, fashion, and beauty. Struck with the charms of Lady Adelaide, her presence in particular embarrassed him. When she complimented him on his humanity, and returned him thanks for the preservation of her father, he faltered out a return, the half of which was expressed in confused and unintelligible terms. Never did he sit so uneasy as while he was at breakfast: he wished to please; and this solicitude made him so nice in his attempts, that it destroyed every effort at perfection. His vivacity was buried in thought; and he felt a dread of stirring, lest a want of familiarity with female company might betray him into some ridiculous im-

propriety, which might incur the censure of the company, and in particular of her whose good opinion he could not help wishing to gain. Thus oppressed through a sense of his want of the polish of company, he hardly dared to raise his eyes from the ground; and if Lady Adelaide caught him looking at her, he blushed.—To relieve himself from this distressing situation, he arose to return to Cambridge: but Lord Moreton insisted on his staying dinner; and Elliot, under the guidance of a servant, went to view the beauties of the demesne, which well merited inspection. Every improvement proclaimed the taste and opulence of the owner; but the place owed still more of its beauties to the hand of Nature than to that of his Lordship. The house was situated on an eminence hanging over a large and beautiful river, which after a number of turnings appeared to the eye like a silver line, and at length slowly

slowly winded out of sight. To the house, which was of hewn stone, and built with magnificent simplicity, there were two fronts: from that which faced the river nothing obstructed the view; far as the eye could travel, the country round about swelled into gradual hillocks, and exhibited all those varied beauties of rural colouring which arise from difference of elevation, culture, and soil. A venerable wood, the efforts of many years to mature, almost surrounded the other sides of the house; but that part of it which opposed the other front was cut into beautiful vistas, which surprised the spectator into a prospect, and, by shutting out part of the landscape, prevented the attention from being distracted and dazzled by a wide profusion of beauties. In one part of this extensive park, the scenery was wild, bold, striking, and sublime; in another, chaste, rich, cultivated, and beautiful. But

that which captivated Elliot's inclinations most, was a smooth, broad walk in the old fashion, of near a mile in length, and rolled with the greatest care, which seemed to court the mind to contemplation. On each side of it a row of ancient limes extended a thick shade; their friendly branches supporting themselves on those of the opposite trees, as if willing to enjoy and to afford the reciprocal benefits of a long neighbourhood. Having spent much of the day thus employed, our adventurer returned to the ladies, and to his former uneasiness. At dinner he sat next to Lady Adelaide, but he was not capable of enjoying his situation. After the gentlemen had retired to tea with the ladies, he had gotten some little courage to speak freely; but unfortunately a young nobleman who had dined there, opened upon the company at once with astonishing fluency. The weather, assemblies, plays, operas, and above all
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little trifling anecdotes, were the subjects on which he discoursed.

Elliot felt that there was nothing said by him which he was not capable of saying himself; nothing came from the head, nothing went to the heart; but the ladies laughed, and listened with attention; while Elliot, overwhelmed with the rapidity of Lord Hanbury's language, could say nothing. He wanted that good opinion of himself, and indifference to that of others, to permit him to speak without thinking; and the dread of acting wrong chained down his fancy, and muffled his understanding. Some of the discourse, when the ladies could get leave from the loquacity of Lord Hanbury to speak, was addressed to him; but he could scarcely stammer out more than a Yes or No in reply; and even had his answers been witty, his want of gaiety of manner would have destroyed their comic energy. He
imagined

imagined that Lady Adelaide treated the young Lord with particular attention, and every smile with which she honoured him he fancied to be a proof of her affection. He did not think, indeed, that he loved her himself; but he could not bear that so much excellence should be thrown away on such an insignificant being as he conceived the stranger to be. Sensible that his own behaviour appeared ridiculous, and having long made it the object of his own contemplation, he thought that every one else did so too. Every time they laughed, he fancied that they were ridiculing his silence; and he was almost tempted, in the rage of jealous sensibility, to quarrel with the man whom he considered as joyous at his uneasiness. This situation was too painful for him to bear long, and he took his leave early, notwithstanding the entreaties of Lord and Lady Moreton that he would stay the night.

After

After he was gone, as is the usual custom, every one gave their opinion of him, and every one spoke well of him except Lord Hanbury, who remarked, "that his beauty was trifling and vulgar, his awkwardness immense, and that he was as inanimate as a statue."—

While the company were holding this inquisition on young Elliot, he rode away to Cambridge, feeling all that discontent which an ingenuous mind sensible of its own worth suffers, on having appeared in a light unworthy of itself. He recollected with sorrow, that while Lord Hanbury could raise the smile and create happiness in the breast of the company, he was obliged to remain a silent object of derision. He had felt a desire to please, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. He perceived, that if he could have made himself agreeable to the company he had left, he would have enjoyed a pleasure which he had not as yet experienced.

perienced. He execrated his fortune, which had made him silent the very time when he wished to talk most, and he resolved to put every means in practice to render himself a favourite with women.

While our adventurer, thus instigated by the influence of female attractions (which every young man must be swayed by, and whose power our hero had now for the first time felt), was laying plans for rendering himself agreeable to that sex, whose favour he felt could alone confer happiness, he had ridden into the midst of a wood through which his road lay. When he had gotten a little beyond the middle of it, he heard a voice crying out to him, "Stand, or I will blow your brains out." Before he could recollect himself so as to stand on his defence, or deliver any answer, he was knocked off his horse by a blow from the butt end of a pistol. The villains, for there
were

were two of them, having rifled his pockets, were deliberating very coolly whether they should murder him; when a poor fellow jumping out of a field into the road, cried, " Ah, you rapparees! are you going to murder a dead man?" On the words, he aimed a blow at one of them with a cudgel he had in his hand, and laid him senseless on the ground. The other rogue, seeing his companion treated thus roughly, fired a pistol at Elliot's champion, and the ball passed through the fleshy part of his left arm. Undaunted, and enraged by being thus wounded, his antagonist, who well understood the management of the stick, struck the pistol out of his hand, and, as he was turning about to fly, hit him on the nape of the neck, and stretched him beside his companion. He then began to deal his blows very composedly, first to one and then to the other of the prostrated villains, without in the least regarding the situation

ation of him to whose assistance he had come. Elliot had now recovered his senses, and sprang up on his feet, when the man cried out to him with an uncouth Irish accent, "Oh! by my soul, Sir, you may lie down and sleep your fill, for your business is done, and I am securing the dogs." Elliot begged of him to desist, and lend his aid to tie them. "With all my heart, jewel," answered his assistant, "for they have committed murder in shooting me in the arm." Having secured these fellows, Elliot bargained with two men who had just come up with a cart, to carry them to the county jail; and then tying up the Irishman's wound, which now pained him very much, he rode on towards Cambridge, accompanied by his deliverer, where they arrived without any material accident occurring to them.

C H A P. II.

ON the next morning Doctor Enfor, who was sensible of the necessity of complying with the prejudices of the world, put a thirty pound note into the hand of his pupil, that he might discharge what is very improperly called in the fashionable world a debt of honour, which we have already mentioned that he owed to a young gentleman of fortune, of the name of Reynel. Now that I have mentioned Doctor Enfor, will the reader indulge me while I give him a sketch of his character and history? In it I indulge the recollection of my own preceptor, to whom I owe every little merit or virtue I can boast. Doctor Enfor was about 55 years old, tall of stature, robust in make, and of a sound and vigorous constitution. His face was

was the just picture of an open and generous mind; while the lines strongly marked on it, and his piercing eye, foretold a capacity and habit of thinking. He had a peculiar sweetness of countenance, which seemed the dawning smile of philanthropy breaking through the cloud of melancholy. This pleasing mixture of good humour and gravity in his looks, made all who beheld him fond of him: they saw by it that he loved mankind; and their love was increased by pity, as they also saw that the hand of misfortune had made him feel for himself. His understanding was comprehensive and accurate, and his language smooth and copious. His knowledge of what is called the world, or in other words of the wickedness of mankind, was great in theory; for his misfortunes, owing to his ignorance of villainy, and warmth of heart with which he had commenced life, had forced him into an acquaintance

ance with it. But in practice, his natural benevolence still blinded his theoretical skill, and evinced him to be the disciple of unadulterated human nature. Mild in his temper and affable in his manners, he was one of those men whose talents and virtues, or, as the world calls them, weaknesses, made him most fit to converse with youth, and unable to deal with manhood. When he was young, he had possessed a very considerable fortune; and his imagination being very lively, he formed various schemes to make himself completely happy. But the brilliancy of his fancy served only to make the subsequent gloom of disappointment and misfortune more dreadful. The fickleness of a lady on whom he had placed his affections, and who had taught him to believe that she felt as warmly as he did, first made him careless of his fortune, and oppressed his spirits. Though he at last surmounted
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this blow so as to re-assume his tranquillity, he never could recover the effects of it; and having lived 40 years in the world, he found that he was too unsuspicious and inattentive, and his good-nature too great to deal with it. This truth he earned at the expence of his whole fortune, except about 400l. a year. With this pittance he retired to Courville, the place which had given him birth; where he for some time practised physick, which in his youth he had studied for his amusement. That he might do this with better effect, he had taken out the degree of a Doctor; but this employment served only to diminish his fortune. For not content with inquiring into the state of his patients' health, he would examine into that of their fortunes also, and strove earnestly to promote the one as well as the other. As soon as this was generally known, many impositions were practised on him; and
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he was oftener called on to mend the circumstances of the needy, than to relieve the grievances of the diseased. Disgusted very much at these stratagems of the cunning to impose on his philanthropy, for he was no longer blind to deceit than during the transport of good-nature, he abandoned the profession, and resolved to devote the remainder of his life to the useful duty of teaching his neighbours by his example how to live, and studying himself how to die. To this change he was also strongly induced by the idea, that the frequent sight of distress might create such a familiarity with it, as would weaken his pity for misery.

Doctor Enfor, as we have before related, was a near relation of Mr. Elliot's, and visited very often at his house of Rosemont. It chanced that he was there once when young Stephen ran away from school, owing to the severity of his preceptor. Sensible

fible of the improper treatment the lad must receive there, and being well acquainted with the foibles and violent temper of his father, he saw that a fine boy was in the greatest danger of being ruined by an improper education. Moved by these considerations, he begged of Mr. Elliot to consign the education of his son to him; saying that the company of the boy, and the attention which the task he undertook required, would dissipate his melancholy. To this, after some hesitation, for he was one of those unfortunate people who confer a favour with an air of dissatisfaction, Mr. Elliot consented.

With this worthy man our hero had led a very retired life until he was twenty years old. During that period, his tutor had neglected nothing which could contribute to the formation of his taste, and the cultivation of his genius. But still this was but
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an object of a secondary consideration with him, and he preferred to it teaching him to be a moral and thinking man. He considered the first as ornamental, but the latter as essential to every station of life ; and he knew that, while the imperfect knowledge of the languages acquired in our youth, is rubbed out by the intrigues of ambition, the wiles of avarice, and the peculiarities of professional pursuits, the more valuable acquisitions of reflection and probity crown us with the laurels of prosperity, and inrobe us with the most splendid apparel of honour. Doctor Enfor wished to keep his pupil apart from the world, until he had given him principles which example could not shake, and a firm love for learning which nothing could warp. But he still was aware, that an early introduction into public life was of advantage. He knew that it was necessary to familiarise him to company,

before his habits of life were fully settled, and his manners perhaps over-crufted with foibles, which, although in themselves perfectly innocent, might make him more uneasy than if they had been vices. It was requisite to accustom him to the method of dealing with mankind, and to habituate him betimes to the manner in which they would deal with him. But if he should be plunged at once into the ways of the world, without any experience in the art of bearing up against mankind, he was afraid that, surprised, astonished, and without power to reflect, he might suffer himself to be hurried down with the stream into the gulph of vice: or perhaps, rendered timid by the shock, and vexed to feel all the warm and romantic hopes and expectations of the closet infallibly chilled, he might retire from the world in disgust, and abandon himself a prey to despair and disappointment.

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For this reason, the Doctor had persuaded Stephen's father to send him to Cambridge about a year ago, whither he had also himself accompanied him. He considered, that in the university young men were just on the threshold of the world; that it is a sort of probationary state, in which some are intemperate, others prudent, but very few of them designing: for they had not thoroughly learned the art, which some begin to practise there, of preying on their fellow-creatures.

Our adventurer had, during that period, shaken off much of the bashfulness which arose from recluseness: in the company of men, he had acquired a good deal of ease; he was remarked for possessing the elegant accomplishments in a great degree; and that he sometimes gave into the gay imprudences of youth, we may see from the debt he had contracted, to pay which, Doctor Enfor had given

him the thirty pounds.—He went with the money to Mr. Reynel's chambers immediately, where he found a poor woman, entreating him most earnestly to grant a little money towards the relief of her sister. "As I have nursed you, Sir," said she, "I presume to apply to you. There is an execution in my poor sister's house for twenty-five pounds. She, who has in her youth lived in comfort, will be turned to beggary." Reynel declared with perfect indifference, that he could not help her misfortunes, for that he had no money. "Alas, Sir!" replied the poor woman, "she has a daughter only just sixteen, and beautiful and innocent as an angel; what will become of her? I fear want will bring her to ruin." At hearing that the woman had such a beautiful daughter, Reynel altered his behaviour: he declared that he had not so much money at present, but that he would endeavour to get it, if she would engage

gage that the young girl would be properly grateful. The old woman expressed some indignation at this proposal ; but on Reynel's urging it again, and hinting to her the misery that the girl and her mother would be reduced to, if she did not acquiesce ; she seemed about to consent, to try if she could get the distressed mother to agree to it. Elliot had suffered great agitation during this conversation, and felt the indignant glow of ancient virtue at the base conduct of Reynel, who was taking advantage of misery to bargain for the destruction of female innocence. Going up to the woman, he warmly upbraided her for attempting to comply ; and knowing from her the sum for which the execution had been laid, he put the thirty pound note into her hand, saying that he would not leave her the pretext of want as an excuse for her guilt. The poor woman was quite overwhelmed with joy, and

poured out innumerable blessings on him ; but Reynel, on the other hand, was violently enraged, that such a delicious morsel should thus, as it were, be snatched from between his teeth. He was of a cool, malignant, revengeful temper ; and such people are not remarkable for courage. As soon, however, as the woman was gone, he upbraided Elliot with having thus snapped up a bargain, which he was himself on the point of bringing to a conclusion ; for he did not conceive that our hero had really given so much money with a disinterested view. When Elliot assured him of the contrary, he was not the less angry, although he could not with so much propriety quarrel with him for his conduct ; he therefore coolly asked him for the money which he had won. When Stephen declared that he had just given it away, Reynel made use of some expressions intimating, that it was
not

not gentlemanlike to throw away his money when he had debts of honour to pay. The conversation hereupon grew very warm : and ended with an agreement to behave to each other as strangers in future. Although Elliot could not repent of the way he had disposed of his money, yet he wished to avoid telling his tutor any thing concerning it. He, therefore, resolved to try and borrow it from his friends, and went for that purpose to Mr. Filmer's. This gentleman was a person of a grave, reflecting turn of mind, but it was strongly tinctured with an inconstancy of disposition. He had thrown away a great number of years, sometimes in pursuing one study, and sometimes another, without being able to fix on any. He was universally loved for the goodness of his heart, but the simplicity and negligence of his manner prevented his being equally respected; and all his friends beheld with pity,

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that

that he was throwing away good talents and fine principles, through a want of resolution to appropriate them to some particular employment.

Our adventurer communicated his situation to his friend, but without gaining any thing by it; for what between the smallness of his income, the generosity of his disposition, and his eager trial of ill-judged schemes of procuring his advancement in life, poor Filmer was generally without a penny in his purse. Elliot was departing very discontented, as he knew that this debt of honour must be paid; and that it would not only distress his friend Doctor Enfor very much, to advance so large a sum of money, but that he might very well blame him for parting with what he had lately given him, without inquiry into the character of the person on whom he had bestowed it. He had just bid his friend adieu, when Mr. Timothy Supple marched with

with great solemnity into the room. This gentleman seemed to be about the age of thirty-five : in his countenance there appeared an habitual gravity, and in his manner an uncommon solemnity. To him Elliot applied in his distress ; and he, after striking his forehead, declared that he was not worth the money himself, but that he believed he knew a Jew who would lend so much, to have forty pounds returned to him in three months. These were very hard conditions ; but where the necessity is inevitable, even such demands must be complied with. Supple promised to bring him the money in the evening ; and then entertained his friends with a long account of the day he had just spent at Lord Moreton's. He insinuated that he himself was a favourite with Lady Frances ; and as for Lady Adelaide, that he supposed she would be soon united to Lord Hanbury. This news disconcerted

our adventurer very much ; he could have borne any intelligence better than that : he departed in great uneasiness, and resolved in disgust to go no more to Castlemont. In the evening Supple brought the money ; which it was very easy for him to do, as he had it lying very conveniently by him, and had resolved most conscientiously to take this friendly advantage of his friend's necessities. Stephen, however, was rejoiced to receive the money, which would extricate him out of his present difficulties, not regarding what calamities might be impending over him in consequence of his imprudence. Having immediately dispatched it off, to free him from a kind of obligation to a man who he thought had used him very ill, he dismissed all care from his mind, except that which arose from hearing that Lady Adelaide was on the point of an union with a nobleman of so little merit as he conceived her intended

intended husband to be. He felt an uneasiness, which certainly was too pungent to be the mere effort of humanity commiserating a young girl going to blend her understanding, her will, her principles, and consequently her happiness, with one whose disposition he thought never formed to coalesce with hers. But as he could find no other apparent cause to which he could attribute his sorrow, he imputed to this, and the sense of the awkward situation he had been in at Lord Moreton's, the resolution which he formed to go there no more.

C H A P. III.

THE College vacation now began, and young Elliot was to spend it with his father at Rosemont. The Irishman, whose name was Phelim O'Flanagan, was quite recovered of his wound; and Elliot resolved to retain him as a servant, if Mr. O'Flanagan should prefer it to his former occupation of a labourer. On the question being put to him, he replied, That he did not like service; that digging was a more honourable employment, and becoming a gentleman as he was by family: "For you know (said he) Adam himself was a labourer, and he was great great grandfather to us all. But a servant is a poor skip of a fellow, who must be obedient to this master and t'other master, tho' he was yesterday but the son of a sooty sweep. However (added he), as I hear
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that Master Elliot is a gentleman of family, and as I love him heartily, if he takes me, I'll serve him honestly ; but, by my soul, I insist that he won't put two colours on my coat."

Mr. O'Flanagan's conditions being complied with, he commenced valet de chambre, an office for which he was not as yet eminently qualified.— He was a well made man, about six-and-twenty, very tall and broad-shouldered, and had a good-humoured openness bordering upon vacancy in his face. He was passionately attached to Elliot, and did every thing he could to make him fond of him in his turn ; and indeed his master never kept him at the same distance that he would another servant, as he had himself been witness to his courage and fidelity.

Our adventurer could not resist the earnest desire he felt again to visit Castlemont, before he quitted the country for such a length of time as he was to
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be absent. He rode thither from Cambridge, but found that the whole family was abroad. He eagerly wished to hear whether Lady Adelaide was certainly going to be married ; but he knew not how to ask such a question with propriety. Impelled by strong curiosity, however, he ventured to demand of the footman he saw, If it was true that one of the young ladies was soon to change her state? The servant replying, That he heard so, filled his heart with heaviness. He had not courage to wait for the family's return, but rode back again to Cambridge ; from whence he departed the next morning for Rosemont, accompanied by his friend the Doctor.

The character of old Mr. Elliot was singular, and very different from that of his wife. His mind was contracted, and his temper sanguine and violent. He was impatient of contradiction, and a contemner of advice ; for his passionate

onate disposition, and weak intellects, made him constantly annex the idea of rudeness to the former, and combine an insinuation of his folly with the latter. He was continually the dupe of vain hopes that he would soon grow rich. This made him commence schemes irrational in themselves, and founded on a total ignorance of the ways of mankind. Yet he was not so weak as to be entirely ignorant of what was right. Had his violent temper given him leave to think at all, he might have conducted himself with the common success of mankind, through life. He was addicted to no enormous vice; he was neither a gambler, a drunkard, or attached to women; and the end of all his actions was designed to be good. But his foibles, his ill temper, his self-confidence, and his passion for growing rich, without one qualification necessary to acquire wealth, produced as many ill consequences as if

if he had been slave to all the fashionable modes of destroying our properties, and debasing human dignity. To such a man, experience afforded no benefits; ill success only soured his temper; and hence he was needy at home, and unrespected abroad.

Mrs. Elliot was a very different character. She was by nature formed with one of the sweetest tempers, and possessed so excellent an understanding as is rarely to be met with. She was descended of a noble family, and married Mr. Elliot for love, contrary to the advice of her relations. What could have been her inducement to fancy one so much inferior to herself in every mental and personal excellence, it is impossible to find out. Indeed, these unaccountable fancies in the fair sex (which are by no means uncommon) would almost tempt me to subscribe to their doctrine, who say, in matrimony there is a fate; and that
among

among the many analogies which the ingenious and the quaint have discovered between love and war, there is this one prevalent among the followers of each profession, that every dart, as well as every bullet, has its peculiar billet. Mrs. Elliot, however, did not, like most ladies who suffer themselves to be seduced by the ill-judging demon, Love, repent of her choice. She persevered in her affection; and, though made unhappy by his ill-temper, and solicitude for his dignity, which she saw every day declining, notwithstanding her most sedulous efforts to the contrary, she stood mindful of her sacred vows, and did not oppose his inclinations, even so often as their mutual interest and happiness required this temporary sacrifice of her inclinations.

Although Stephen Elliot loved his father, he naturally sought to spend much of his time out of his company; where his feelings were very often hurt

hurt in the extreme, by seeing himself and his mother treated with intemperate and causeless rudeness. In the neighbourhood he looked for, and found several agreeable acquaintances, especially among the ladies, with whom a good figure, a polite address, and the appearance of the generous virtues, seldom fail of procuring a favourable reception. Indeed, his company was eagerly sought for by both sexes.—Without designing it he pleased, because it was his pleasure to come into the favourite amusement of every body, and make it, for the time, his own. He hunted, and descanted upon horses, dogs, and fowling-pieces with the sportsmen; he entered into the experiments of the farmer, praised the preserves of his wife; and thus, by making it his pleasure and business to gratify others, he obtained universal love and esteem, which was the highest possible gratification to himself.

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In the neighbourhood of Rosemont, lived the widow Marchmont: she had when very young, from the importunities of relations, married Mr. Marchmont, a rich Turkey merchant, old enough to be her grandfather. But she thought that she had sufficiently done her duty, and proved the strength of her affection beyond doubt, by marrying him. Whether, therefore, confiding in her own innocence, or thinking that the world would give her credit for a coldness of constitution, as she had married an old man, she took such liberties, that London began to imagine itself licensed to talk of her. Her husband hearing this, either from the officious hints of a news-paper, or from some sincere friend (for there is always one good-natured body or other ready to tell us that which we had better be without hearing), came to the resolution of bringing her to the country, out of the way of that set of idle gentlemen who

who infest the metropolis, and whose sole business it seems to be, to shower down vengeance on old men for their folly in marrying. He therefore sold off his effects, collected his debts, and, purchasing a fine estate near old Mr. Elliot's seat, brought his wife down to it, much against her inclination. She still, however, persisted in participating the delights of company; until her husband roundly declared, that if she did not reconcile herself to the decent, retired life which he was resolved to live, he would expose her, and turn her out of doors. To this, like a good wife, after a great deal of struggling and scolding, she submitted at length; and in two years afterwards was rewarded for her compliance by his death, and a bequest of his whole fortune.

She had now been a widow for two years, and declared her resolution never to marry again. Her age was about twenty-seven: she was tall of stature,
plump,

plump, rather inclining a little to fat : her countenance was open and languishing : with her eyes, which were blue, she could speak most intelligibly ; and her fine teeth were perceptible through her pouting dewy lips, which she kept half unclosed. Her bosom heaved as if it swelled with something it wished to communicate ; and she would view a handsome young man with that wistful look, and then turn away with that affected diffidence, as if willing to boast a fear, that her warm gaze had told a story, which in spite of the ingenuousness of passion she wished to conceal. Such a person was the widow Marchmont : she appeared like ripe fruit melting with luscious softness, and tempting you to pull.

This lady, who had often seen Stephen at Rosemont and in the neighbourhood, beheld him with the ardour of desire. She viewed with longing rapture his ardent eyes, the flushings of
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of sentiment through his downy cheek, the serious proportions of his face, enlivened only by a wanton smile which spoke him capable of all the tenderness and all the variety of love, and the happiness of his form, where strength and elegance combined their perfections.

The widow, whose passions, like a froward child, had been rendered ungovernable by too much indulgence, was transported at beholding such beauty: for his sake she made parties, and gave entertainments; and would he have permitted it, her liberality would have known no bounds in presents. Assuming the freedoms of an ancient matron, to which her age and constitution gave her no pretensions, she would always place him next to her, and would lay her hand familiarly on his. When they were alone, which was not seldom, she would flyly praise his beauty, and laughingly jest with him

him about her maids; then tell him with a sigh, that Heaven formed him to be the ruin of womankind.

Stephen was not so blind, but he perceived that she felt a passion for him: still, however, it never occurred to him, that any one above the rank of a chambermaid could feel a passion, the object of which was not matrimony; and for this he felt not the least inclination. Unacquainted with the manners of women in real life, his stock of notions concerning them was taken from romance: he regarded them all as goddesses, whom you must adore with kneeling, whose smiles you could alone gain by a train of misfortunes and sufferings, and whose frowns were worse than immediate death.—As matrimony never entered his imagination, he could not think of addressing her in the style which he thought peculiar to a lover; and though his passions often tempted him to make
free

free with her, and all his senses were on fire to taste and compress her too expressive beauties, yet still his dread of her anger kept him within bounds.

This was an affair he could not tell Dr. Enfor, out of a principle of honour, lest he should injure the reputation of a woman whom he believed to love him. Whole nights did he spend in contriving how he might either avoid her, or gratify that passion which she had raised in him. But when he came into her presence, every scheme of his vanished, and every libertine thought sunk in the dread of giving offence. The widow perceived that the behaviour of Elliot was not so much the effect of a want of sensibility, as of the novelty of his situation; and his modesty heightened his charms in her wanton imagination. Where two hearts feel mutually as the widow's and Elliot's, the woman derives a proportionate confidence from the diffidence

dence of her admirer; and Mrs. Marchmont herself wished to contrive some method for effecting the designs she had on him.

It happened one day, that they dined together at a gentleman's house: and in the evening, when it was time to go home, it rained very hard. The widow, who was constantly on the watch, seized the opportunity; and insisted on Elliot's going home in her coach, to avoid being wet, telling him that it was not far out of her way to set him down. Stephen embraced the proposal with alacrity; into the coach they went together; the conversation there was of the most lively kind; and the lady proposed that, by way of a frolic, he should go home and sup with her; adding, that she expected a relation down from London that night. To this the giddy Elliot, highly pleased with her company, consented. When he arrived at her house, he found no

one there, and that he was to be alone with her. When he perceived this, his heart fluttered with various sensations as he sat with her, and he became sensibly grave. This did not escape his companion: she guessed the cause of it; and during supper she plied him with Burgundy, for wine she knew gives confidence.—Supper was soon over, for neither was intent on it, and both wished themselves free from restraint; the cloth was removed, the servants retired. Her advances became greater; she squeezed his hand, sighed with a languishing look; and placing her cheek almost close to his, her balmy breath set his passions, already heated with Burgundy, in a blaze. The widow might now indulge herself with all the resistance of a feigned reluctance, and lay up a store of future consolation for her conscience. Had his virtue resisted, he must have been something more or less than man.—
When

When the transports of passion had subsided, the lady was the first to urge his departure ; and the confused boy, ashamed of what had passed, hastened to obey her commands. He took his horse, and rode towards Rosemont, with a mind overwhelmed with anxiety. He had done wrong : he had done what he dared not tell his friends ; and this was the first action of his life he had ever wished to conceal from them. In the first pangs of repentance, he resolved never to visit the widow again ; but this fierceness of virtue soon subsided, and nature overcame education. The charms of the widow presented themselves to him in their most luxuriant and seducing lustre. His innocent mind formed to itself the grief she must feel, if he deserted her who loved him so well ; if he abandoned one who had sacrificed that virtue which women prize most, for his gratification. In the heat of passion,

he forgot the difficulties which would attend such a connexion ; he smoothed the improprieties of it to his conscience, and, before he got home, resolved to indulge himself freely in the pleasures which must spring from this night's indiscretion.—From this time he became assiduous in his visits to Marchmont-house.

She received him with a fondness mingled with a feigned concern for what had past ; but her upbraidings were of so tender a nature, that they moved him rather to repeat than repent his crime. The vacation passed thus away in criminal voluptuousness. Lady Adelaide Moreton was quite banished from our adventurer's recollection : and the widow and young Elliot were oftener joined together in the mouths of the neighbourhood, than was favourable to her reputation.

Doctor Ensor's affairs required his personal attention ; and it was resolved

ed that Stephen should return immediately alone to College. Mrs. Elliot was extremely grieved at this, as she knew of what consequence that worthy man's presence was to keep her son virtuous. Her son also felt all that dread of separation which must be expected from one who was going to lose the person he loved more than he could a father, and to whose company and directions he had been perpetually accustomed for such a length of time. His grief, however, would have been still greater, had not his affliction been divided by his concern for leaving the widow; for the guilty stealth with which he was obliged to enjoy her company, added a sting to his passion, and prevented his being cloyed by possession.

Elliot had before taken leave of his father and mother: he now left the Doctor at Courville, and went to bid adieu to the widow. He was unable

to part from her without tears : these she beheld with emotion, but not with one equal to his. Not but she loved him very well ; but age, her unequal marriage, and an acquaintance with such scenes, had taken off much of the romantic edge of her feelings. She charged him to preserve her reputation, and not to boast of his triumph among his companions with a boyish vanity. Then giving him a parting, lingering kiss, she conjured him to see her sometimes by stealth. This Stephen vowed to do ; and then, accompanied by his man Phelim, set out for Cambridge with a heavy heart.

C H A P. IV.

As soon as Elliot arrived in Cambridge, his old friends came to congratulate him on his arrival. He was heartily glad to see them all, especially Supple; in whom, as he could not observe any of the bad qualities generally attributed to him, he believed them not to exist, and had admitted him into a degree of intimacy, and even friendship with him. When they were alone together, he asked him, How an affair of gallantry, of which in the vanity of his heart he had often boasted, was going on? "O, charmingly, my dear fellow," replied Supple, "I am in hopes of gaining the consent of the girl's father." "Why, Supple," answered Elliot, "you told me that the father was a man of rank and fortune; and men of that description are not apt to let their

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daughters

daughters marry men destitute of these qualifications; let their intrinsic merit be ever so great." "True, my dear boy," replied the other, "but there are exceptions, you know. I protest I think there are some men so unaccountable," said this withered, dry piece of vanity, "that they may let down their dignity a little, to take a young lad of merit by the hand. I believe I need not declare to you, that no one can tell, how far a young lad with good abilities may be exalted.—There was Craggs sprung from a cobbler, and became Secretary of State.—Not that I presume to say, that it may be my case; but you know that there is luck in all things." Elliot seeing that it would be in vain to attempt curing him of this inordinate self-conceit, was rejoiced that the appearance of Tom Filmer put an end to the conversation.

In the appearance of this gentleman, however, he observed a great change.

Instead

Instead of the dress of a clergyman, which he formerly wore, he appeared habited like a physician. The cause that he assigned for this alteration was, that the church was already crowded ; that it was not a profession in which any one could rise by merit ; that physic was a much more scientific, as well as lucrative profession ; that three eminent practitioners having died lately in London, had made room for young men ; and he hoped to graduate in three years.

Elliot heard this story of the man he sincerely loved with sorrow. He saw that he was only inventing excuses, to palliate his mutability to his own mind and to the world ; and he could not avoid prognosticating, that his life would be unsuccessful. Having spent the evening with his companions, he retired to bed to think of his dear widow, whom absence made more precious to him. The want of her com-

pany and that of Doctor Enfor together pressed hard upon him ; and as he imagined that Lady Adelaide was married, and had, with the assistance of the widow Marchmont, conquered his reluctance to seeing her in the arms of another, he resolved to dissipate his melancholy by a visit to Lord Moreton and his family in the morning. He arose with the sun, and immediately getting ready, he departed for Castlemont, where he arrived at breakfast time. They received him with a warm welcome, and mingled many kind upbraidings, that he had let such a length of time pass without seeing them. Elliot excused himself partly by telling where he had been, and partly by adding a few of those every-day apologies which go down with any body, because nobody is at the trouble of inquiring into the truth of them.

Our hero learned with astonishment, and even immediately with a degree of
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of gladness, that Lady Adelaide had never been intended as the wife of Lord Hanbury. It was to her elder sister that that nobleman was paying his addresses; but as Mr. Supple had, in his great love for himself, fancied that that lady was in love with him, whose face was a ridiculous compound of those which Cervantes has given to Don Quixote and Sancho Pança, he thought that Lord Hanbury must be paying his devoirs to Lady Adelaide. This misconception of his had before caused our adventurer much uneasiness: her beauty began again to retrace her image on his heart, which time had worn out, and he congratulated himself that he had been mistaken. Her charms had improved much, even in so short a time as his absence. During breakfast his eyes were often involuntarily fixed on her; he gazed he knew not why; and if she observed him, he felt the keenest uneasiness.

easiness. His connexion with the widow, however it might have tended to impair his morals, certainly improved him very much for the company of the fair sex. To polishing him also, the intimate but more reserved acquaintance of several other ladies during his stay at Rosemont, contributed not a little. He now possessed an easy familiarity in the company of women, which, however, was by no means divested of respect. He had felt that they could be pleased: his sense of the happiness which their conversation and esteem bestowed, and his perception that he was sometimes successful, gave him confidence to attempt, and zeal to effect making himself agreeable.

Breakfast was not long over, when Mr. Supple marched into the room with great solemnity, made a profusion of bows, and then turning to the ladies, began to compliment every one of them in order with ludicrous and
extreme

extreme adulation. The young people soon arose from the table, to enjoy the charms of exercise and the season. They went towards the river, which ran just under the house. The boat was in sight : the calm glassy beauties of the waters, and the refreshing coolness of the breeze, which seemed sometimes to stoop to kiss the stream, courted them to enter it. Elliot and Supple seized the oars, while the ladies seated themselves. The boat glided along with steady rapidity, and imparted to them a pleasant giddy sensation, which it is impossible completely to describe. The trees, the birds, the animals stretched in the shade amidst luxuriant pasture—every thing around them breathed happiness and content, and therefore they were happy. Stephen viewed with rapture the animated countenance of Lady Adelaide, fraught with the sublimest benevolence, and speaking her transports at seeing

seeing every object around her filled with pleasure. Having gazed awhile, he espied a picture which hung from her neck. Two miniatures were set together; so that, whichever side presented itself, you saw one. The one which was exposed to view, he knew to be the representation of Lady Adelaide herself: an irresistible curiosity seized him to know who the other might be: it might be a man's, it might be a favoured lover's. There was something tormenting in this thought, and he could not avoid asking to look at it. She immediately took it off with great affability, telling him it was the only trinket she prized in the world. "It is the portrait of the playfellow of my childhood.—Poor Laura!" continued she, looking at the picture before she gave it to him, "while you lived we were inseparable. She was the daughter of the curate of the parish, whom my mother invited

invited to live in the house as a companion for me. I loved her as my sister, and so indeed we used to call each other. When she was near fifteen years old, her father took her home. One night, the dear girl, returning late from me, caught cold, and fell into a decay. As she was sensible that she could not live, she had this resemblance taken of her, unknown to me. Alas! to purchase it, of how many necessaries must she have deprived herself! She had it set in this manner with a picture of mine which I had given her, that we might be still united; and sent it to me as she was dying, begging that I would not disdain to wear this poor remembrance of a lowly but a loving friend. Yes, tender, lovely friend!" exclaimed the sentimental girl, "I am proud to wear it, and never shall it part from its lodging near my heart."

Elliot

Elliot immediately returned the picture : the tear which glistened in the eye of Lady Adelaide prevented his saying a word ; and he execrated his own wanton curiosity, which had thus destroyed the exquisite happiness he had the moment before seen her possessed of. But the inquisitiveness of Supple had not been yet satisfied : he begged, with a suppliant cringe, that he might have the happiness of looking at it. He rose to receive it from the out-stretched hand of Lady Adelaide ; but being in too great haste to shew his agility, in returning to his place, he struck his foot against the seat ; and in his endeavour to save himself by catching hold of the side of the boat, he let the portrait fall into the river. The look of Lady Adelaide spoke her distress, as she saw the only remnant of her friend drop into the river without hopes of recovery.

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In the nobleness of her disposition, however, she endeavoured to hide her concern for a thing which was to her invaluable. Supple made a hundred awkward apologies, which disgusted Elliot more, if possible, than he was disgusted with him on account of the accident. He felt the regret which Lady Adelaide must endure for a loss that was irreparable; and he considered himself as the remote cause of her distress, by having made her take off the picture. This accident broke up their party, and they all retired to the house; Lady Adelaide herself being the only person who seemed not to regret a loss which she could not but feel the most sensibly.

As soon as Elliot had escorted them in, he returned to the place opposite to which the picture had been dropped into the river, and revolved a number of schemes in his mind for its recovery. At length he observed two fishermen drawing

drawing a net, which he conceived must have been laid under the very place into which it had fallen. He waited until they drew it up; and, to his great joy, found the picture, which was pretty large, in the tail of it. His first emotion was to carry it immediately to the lovely owner of it; but when he saw that it contained her own picture, he hesitated, and resolved to retain it until he had it copied. Elated with his success, he returned to the house, and the remainder of the day was spent happily; Supple, by the oddity of his manners, contributing not a little to their amusement. —His awkward familiarity diverted them, for they perceived that he wished to be agreeable; and his impudence was of that fawning sort, which makes you despise, but not hate the possessor of it. His cringing could not flatter the discerning, because they would see it was his nature to cringe; nor could they

they dread it as insidious, for they could perceive that he was afraid to bite. The laughter which arose from his mistakes he attributed to his wit, and every ironical compliment which was paid him, he received as the tribute due to his merit. Lord Moreton not only made him believe that he admired his shape and face, but persuaded him that he could sing, and made him favour them with a soft love song, which he gave them in a voice not unlike the noise of a hautboy in the hands of a person just learning to blow it ; or a sound compounded of the breaking of a waggon wheel and the braying of an ass. He would have made him dance also ; but he saw that if he had, the jest would have been spoiled, as neither politeness nor any other consideration could have kept the whole room from laughing aloud.

After supper, Supple retired to sleep at the house of a relation who lived in
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the neighbourhood ; and Elliot staid at Lord Moreton's. As he was going down stairs with Supple, the latter seized his hand, and with a significant grin whispered to him, " that he believed he had secured them." Elliot smiled ; and returning into the room after seeing him on horseback, found Lord and Lady Moreton turning into ridicule the actions of the poor creature, who certainly had exerted himself to the utmost to please them, without any apparent interest in it, except a wish to be agreeable. But too great willingness to oblige, even if unattended with the awkward grimaces of Supple, often creates disrespect. If we regard not our own dignity, the world will disregard it ; and what arises from a wish to confer happiness, will be ill-naturedly construed into servility of disposition. It is true, Supple was less to be pitied, as his complaisance was
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the effect of cunning, and his greediness in swallowing ironical compliments, made him completely ridiculous. But such is the dangerous tendency of vanity, that it renders us blind to our greatest failings; and, by a pitiable credulity, subjects us to the scoffs of any person who is willing to be ill-naturedly merry at our expence.

When Elliot arose in the morning, and came down stairs, he found Lady Adelaide sitting alone in the breakfast-room. From this opportunity of conversing with her, he became gradually more attached to her. Her vivacity, tempered with sense and modesty, her gentleness and her beauty, were too powerful for him to resist; her image painted itself so strongly in his bosom, that no consideration could erase it; that of the widow Marchmont fell before it, as the leaves of autumn before the northern blast. Accuse him
not,

not, Reader, of inconstancy: his attachment there was not founded in virtue, or knit up with sentiment, and how could it last? He felt an irresistible attraction to her company, and cursed the appearance of the rest of the family, which put an end to a tête-à-tête, which was on no interesting subject; and which nothing but the pleasure of having her conversation directed solely to himself, could make him regret the loss of so much. Insensibly to himself, he protracted his visit after breakfast longer than politeness allowed of; and parted from the fascinating presence of Lady Adelaide with the utmost reluctance.

As he was riding along musing on the events of his visit, his man O'Flanagan says to him, not liking to pass his time in silence, "Arrah, Sir, don't you think the young ladies very handsome?" Elliot replied, laughing, that
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he did. "Why then, 'faith, Sir, you are very right; they are very pretty, considering they are gentlewomen; but they are no more to a little girl that's in their kitchen, than a piece of barley-bread is to a good dry potatoe. Oh, Sir! if you'd see her little black eyes, she's so plump and so fair, she'd make your teeth water; and her cheeks are as red as the sun of a frosty morning; aye, and her legs are none of those thin little spindles, which bend like a knitting-needle, when a lady walks on them so gingerly as if she had no shoes. No, 'faith, they are stout and strong, and able to keep her out of the gutter. Oh master! she's fine flesh and blood, and blessed be God there's plenty of it." Stephen laughed heartily at this amorous description of his man's, delivered with an immense twang, and a terrible alteration of the language; and asked him

him if he had made love to her? "Made love to her!" said Phelim, "now what sort of a question is that for a young man to ask? Arrah, 'faith, and to be sure I did, and that too after my own country fashion. I did not spend my time in asking her, *How do you do?* or drawing my right leg out of its place to please her, or taking her hand and saying, *Dear Madam!* no, nor did I tell her that I was *dying for her*; because as how I knew she would like me the better for being a stout hearty lad, every bit of whom was alive and at her service. But I went up to her, and giving her an hearty smack of a kiss, I swore that I was terribly in love with her; then I likened her cheeks to a cherry, and told her that her lips were as red as a bog-berry, and twice as sweet; then I whispered her to come to the public-house with me, that I might drink my
kind

kind love and service to her; but she told me with a curtsy that she had not time. 'Faith, master, I was right sorry for it, that she would not come with me to take a sup of the creature; for ogh! 'twould have made her as playful and tender as a young lamb!'

As it had been late when the travellers had left Castlemont, night came on them during their conversation; and as Stephen was approaching the wood, where he had been attempted to be robbed, his ears were alarmed with the shrieks of a woman in distress, as if struggling with somebody. Insensible of fear, where the call of humanity required his attendance; he put his horse into a gallop, followed by his servant, among whose failings cowardice certainly was not one, directing their course as well as they could judge by the direction of the cries.—

As they galloped onward, they on a sudden perceived the screams to cease;

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and soon after they saw a woman, apparently in great disorder, run into the road, and, as if she had made the greatest effort her nature was capable of, then fell down senseless. As the twilight was very strong, Stephen, who saw this happen, rode up to her and attempted to raise her; but when she came to herself, she strove to break loose from him. Elliot begged of her to compose herself, assuring her there was no one there but her friends. "Are you not a man?" cried she, staring wildly, "and can I expect to meet a friend in you? No, the whole sex are villains, and never to be trusted." Here she again made another more violent effort to get loose. Elliot, who suspected her brain to be turned, held her fast, endeavouring at the same time to soothe her. He pointed out her situation: that she was in danger of meeting people who would not be inclined to treat her as civilly as he would;

would ; that he only begged to conduct her to the town ; and that then she should be perfect mistress of her own actions. " Were my design, madam," said he, " villainous, no place could be more opportune for it than the present, from which I wish to remove you ; and you may comfort yourself with the idea, that in going with me, your situation cannot possibly be worse than it would be, were you to continue in this lonely place, without any one to protect you." All this time she had listened to him with apparent reluctance ; at last she replied, sighing bitterly, " It is true, my situation cannot be worse : lead me where you please ; alas ! I have nothing more now to excite humanity, than my wretchedness, and my prayers to Heaven."

Stephen, having thus obtained her consent, put her on the horse behind his man O'Flanagan, and then mounted his own. In this manner, riding

very slowly (for she was hardly able to sit upon the horse), he brought her into Cambridge. When he arrived there, he asked her, "if she wished to be conducted to any friend's house, or if she required to be kept concealed?" She replied "that she knew no person in Cambridge, and that her misfortunes required her to be kept concealed." Stephen then conducted her to his own lodgings, as it was then too late for him to have taken any for her in any place else. He ordered something for dinner, not only as he had not himself dined, although it was very late, but to refresh his unknown ward, who seemed quite exhausted with fatigue. When it was ready, he pressed her to eat, but her soul was too full; and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could persuade her to swallow down a few spoonfuls of broth, which he had ordered on purpose for her. Having sat a little time with her after dinner,

dinner, that he might get her to drink a glass of wine or two, which he judged to be absolutely necessary to restore her, he addressed her as follows: "I will not, madam, presume to inquire into your private affairs this night; your mind seems too much spent, and you stand in need of repose; but if on the morrow I request you to favour me with it, I hope that you will not imagine that my wish arises from an impertinent curiosity, but from an earnest desire to serve you if possible. These, madam, are my lodgings; and I hope you will indulge me so far as to make yourself mistress of them while it shall suit your convenience. As for me, I shall retire to the house of a friend in the neighbourhood, where I am sure of a bed." Having said thus, he bowed and retired, before the lady could collect herself sufficiently to return him thanks.

C H A P. V.

ELLIOT left Tom Filmer's, with whom he had slept, as soon as he imagined that the unknown lady would be up, and prepared to receive him. When he arrived at his own lodgings, he asked Mr. O'Flanagan how she had rested? "'Faith, master," said the Irishman, rubbing his eyes, "I believe her rest was like other folks' troubles; and if she slept, she did it without closing her mouth and eyes all night. You must know, Sir, that I thought it not over wise in you to leave your lodgings in trust with a woman you knew nothing about; and God knows but she might have arisen in the night and carried chairs and tables, bed and bedding away, for aught I could tell; so I was resolved to be too cunning for her, and I sat up the whole night in
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the drawing-room after she went to bed. But 'faith I would not do the same again for the value of the whole house; for it made my heart ach to hear her moans and lamentations. Indeed, Sir, she would lie breathing so hard, that I could hear her here, just as if the sleep came on her in spite of herself; then she would start on a sudden, and cry as if she had dreamed something terrible, *My God, what will become of me?* At another time she would say, *Cruel, cruel, do not torment me, let me die at least; rob me not of that blessing!* and then she would mutter something to herself; and cry and sob most bitterly, that 'faith, she drew tears from the eyes of myself."

Elliot was shocked to hear of her method of spending the night, conjecturing from thence that her distress must be immense; but resolving to find it out, that he might assist her, he went into the room. She was already

ressed and, arose when he came in to receive him. He perceived that her figure was uncommonly elegant, and her face rather handsome. But she appeared overwhelmed with distress. Having inquired how she rested, breakfast was by his order served up, and he seated himself beside her. As soon as it was over, the lady spoke to him thus : “ Sir, your humanity to me last night, and your delicate conduct to me since I have been under your roof, induce me to relate my story to you ; although it consists of nothing but a recital of my own shame and misfortunes. I was born of a genteel family ; my father was a captain in the army when he married my mother ; she possessed a fortune considerably superior to his ; and though her friends had not sufficient influence over her, to prevail on her not to marry him, they made him settle her own fortune on her, before the marriage

riage was completed. My father was a man addicted to company and pleasure; and as he was somewhat in debt before he married, he soon incumbered himself to the amount of what he was worth, independent of his wife's property; on which, luckily for himself and her, he could not lay his hands. In consequence of this, he was obliged to part with his commission to satisfy his creditors; and retire to the country with his wife and family, which consisted of me, and a boy younger than I am.—As he was an idle man, who knew nothing of country business, he spent his time either in playing with us, or in talking with his neighbours. In these conversations, of which my brother and I were generally auditors, he took pleasure in dwelling on the enumeration of those persons of rank he had formerly known; and spoke too freely of the libertine life he had led.—I must now

confess, that from such things having been pressed on my imagination during my childhood, I acquired a love of grandeur which I could never reasonably hope to enjoy; and felt a much less horror at libertine conduct than I otherwise would have done.

“ My poor father, who was always attached to finery, as I grew up, had me dressed in a manner quite superior to that which I was entitled to from any fortune that I could expect; the principal part of my mother’s property being settled on my brother. The notion of making my fortune by entrapping some young heir into a marriage, was continually put into my head; and at the age of fifteen, I was as conceited and designing a coquette as could be. Still, however, Mr. Elliot, these were days of innocence; my conduct was the effect of my parents’ precepts; and I had nothing to reproach myself with. Upon this period
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of my life, then, I could wish to dwell, and many a bitter hour has the happiness I experienced in these days since cost me. But this, Sir," said she with a sigh, "is not material to my accounting for the melancholy situation in which you found me last night. My father, who kept company with the people of the greatest fortune that were in the neighbourhood, piqued himself much upon entertaining them in a manner equal to theirs; and for this extravagance, he always comforted himself with the idea that it would give them an opinion of his gentility, and that he might be able through the means of such acquaintance to pick up a wife of fortune for his son; and he used always to tell me that he had a man of fortune in his eye for me. Among the gentlemen who visited at our house, there was one of a fortune vastly superior to the rest, who had a son at College. He

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came

came one day to see us, bringing this son along with him, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Charles. The young man had a tolerable person, and a forward address, which to me appeared the effect of ease and company. I had long affected the same freedom of demeanour, we soon became familiar of course, and while he stayed he paid me a particular degree of attention. This, to be sure, was remarked both by my father and mother, and when he was gone, I was asked how I liked him? I answered them, as was the truth, that I thought him tolerable, but that no one would ever fall in love with him for his beauty. My father immediately began to descant on the extent of his father's property, congratulated me on the impression my figure had made on Charles, and insisted, as I valued his favour, that I should give him every possible encouragement. Young women are not at
once

once persuaded to marry merely for wealth, and for my part, I felt the utmost reluctance to it; but my father dwelt so much upon the charms of rank and splendour, that he at length brought me entirely to consent to his scheme. When Charles therefore came again, I played off all the agreeable arts I was mistress of to engage his affections. From this time he was frequent in his visits; but I was afraid that, if he saw my affections appeared to be too easily gained, he would slight my regard for its facility of being conferred. I often, therefore, feigned indifference to him, that I might raise his passion by suspense. In consequence of this it was, I suppose, that he desisted from coming to the house for some time, thinking that he had no chance of success with me. When my father and mother perceived this, they upbraided me for it. I was accused of neglecting my interest
and

and my duty, and charged that, the next time he came, I should shew him that he was not indifferent to me, for such matches were not to be lost by a foolish regard to niceties. That I might expose myself thus, he was invited to dine with us as soon as conveniently might be.—

—“Indeed,” said she, interrupting her story, “Mr. Elliot, it is dangerous to trifle with the heart. When I received the attentions of Charles in compliance with my father’s commands, he certainly was indifferent to me: but the man must be ridiculous, as well as ugly, who cannot gain by assiduity, and frequent conversation, the affections of a girl whose heart is not attached to another. The truth is, that though I was not absolutely in love, yet he was now the man whom I liked best in the world. Thus was I caught in my own snare, and made a dupe to the deception I had intended for another.

ther. — When he came on the appointed day, numberless were the foolish observations made by my parents, and intended as hints to him. ‘Ah Lucy,’ said my father, ‘you look more lively to-day than usual: one would think from your appearance for these three weeks past, that you had been in love, and that your lover had deserted you.’ Then turning to Charles, he said, ‘Girls are whimsical creatures; no man can hope to succeed with them who minds their frowns.’ ‘Ay,’ interrupted my mother, ‘you know the old proverb, girls have never a greater mind to a thing than when they say No.’ This conversation covered my face with blushes; and certainly if Charles did not understand their insinuations, my behaviour must have informed him of their meaning. But I think he hardly stood in need of this idea; and that evening, when my father and mother
went

went out on purpose to give him an opportunity of conversing with me alone, he declared his passion in the most warm terms.—Instigated by the advice of my parents, and perhaps glad of their sanction to my wishes, I gave him more encouragement than natural prudence and female caution would have permitted me, had not their commands supported me in doing it. He without hesitation mentioned, that it was his sole ambition to marry me, and pressed me for my consent. To this I replied, that if my father consented, I was afraid he already knew too much of my mind to doubt my concurrence. ‘My dear Lucy,’ said he, ‘you cannot have the smallest doubt of your father’s consenting to a match with a man entitled to such a fortune as I am. Now, as you cannot doubt of his approbation when ’tis known, there is no reason for mentioning it to him until it happens, as I have
strong

strong reasons for not doing so. You know that, should it reach my father's ears, he would certainly from his power prevent it; and your father is too vain a man to keep it a secret. You must therefore promise me not to mention it to him, until our marriage has taken place.' To this, as I was well acquainted with my father's sentiments, I consented, though not without some misgiving of my heart, and he kissed my hand in a transport of love and gratitude. He then mentioned to me, that we must set out for Scotland to be married. 'But,' said he, 'I have not as yet devised a scheme, nor thought upon what female relation of yours or mine it will be proper for you to take with us, as a companion for you. My transports, my lovely angel, will not now permit me to devise one; but if you will meet me in the garden to-morrow night, I shall by that time have one; and

and do not shew me that you think me unworthy of your love, by refusing to place your confidence in me in this matter.' To this proposal of his I also gave my consent, knowing that, were he even inclined to be rude to me, which I could not imagine him capable of, I could remain mistress of myself, and might alarm the house. After this agreement, we talked on various indifferent subjects, until my father and mother entered the room; my mother apologizing for her absence to Charles; but adding, that she supposed her Lucy entertained him, for that their dispositions and tempers suited exactly.—When Charles was gone, my father asked me the substance of our conversation. I confessed to him that we had some talk of love: but that I believed that my former distant conduct to him, had made him timid in declaring his passion for me. Alas! the influence of a father is trifling

fling to that of a lover; and in obedience to the latter, I withdrew my confidence from the first. I now got fresh warnings to take care, lest I should by scruples of idle delicacy hinder my getting so advantageous a match; and I faithfully promised to obey their commands.

“When the appointed night of meeting came, I passed the beginning of it in the greatest anxiety; I must confess that I wished he should come, yet I was afraid to meet him; and I sincerely believe, that had any opportunity afforded me the least pretext, I should have disappointed him. At length, when all the family were in bed and asleep, I perceived him coming down the walk of the garden; and he threw a little gravel at my window, through which I was then looking. I descended immediately with trembling steps, and unbarred the door which kept him from me. He saluted me
with

with the most respectful modesty ; and put me off my guard by the apparent coldness of his behaviour. When we had talked a few minutes, I heard some noise in the garden ; and thought that I saw a man at some distance from us, but coming towards us. I immediately ran into the house, and my lover followed me. When he had shut and barred the door very softly, he told me that he had seen a man coming down the walk ; and that as it was likely he was a robber, he would attempt to break into the house ; and that if he should alarm the family, our situation must be dreadful.—‘ Had we not better therefore, my dear Lucy,’ said he, ‘ go up into your room, that I may lie concealed, until we see what will come of it ?’ I objected at first ; but he seemed so much hurt at my want of confidence in him, that almost dead with fear, and not knowing what I was doing, I led the way, and he followed me

me up into the chamber where I slept. Seeing me in great terror, he told me, that if I lighted a candle, the robbers would perceive that some one was up in the house, and would go away immediately. With this advice I complied; and the candle had been scarce a moment visible, when he told me that the man was going away; and on looking out of the window, I saw that it was as he had said.—When the man was got out of sight, he congratulated me on the removal of my fears; and began to lay open the scheme of his elopement with me for Scotland. He pressed an early day; to which, after a feigned reluctance, I consented. He poured forth a torrent of thanks, and entertained me with his love. While he spoke, he gradually took more liberties: he seized my hands, kissed them; he pressed me gently to his bosom, and ravished a kiss. If I chid him, he sighed and looked sad:
if

if I pretended to be angry, it only made him more pressing for pardon : which when he received, was but the signal for additional liberties.—Alas ! Mr. Elliot, the conflict where love and nature opposed prudence was too strong for me ; he swore to keep his promise, and I was undone.—There may be situations in which, were a man virtuous to excess, he cannot answer for himself ; but oh, the treachery of the sex is infinite ! Had my undoer shewed himself at first in his native colours, I should have repulsed him without difficulty ; but his mentioning to get some relation to accompany us to Scotland, gave me the greatest opinion of his delicacy.—That unfortunate cursed night, in which I met him, his conduct was at first in the highest degree distant ; and his apparent timidity lulled my suspicion to rest. There are innocent liberties which we cannot deny a lover, but
which

which are dangerous, if granted when opportunity might make them incentives to others more dangerous. Men have passions, and surely women are not stone. It is hard totally to conceal affection: the man we love, if he should misbehave, is but too sure of pardon; thus he derives consequence and impunity from our weakness, and the blind hurry of passion makes us overlook or make little of the evil, until our eternal shame is irretrievable. When I recovered from the unhappy delirium into which I had fallen, I reproached him with the advantage he had taken of my fondness, to ruin me, and pressed him that the celebration of our marriage should be accelerated. 'Yes,' replied the base ungrateful, 'now 'tis your turn to sue: however, be comforted; I am a man of honour, and will keep my word;' upon which he kissed me, as I remained dissolved in tears, saying that he would come to-morrow

morrow night to see me.—O Mr. Elliot, how bitterly did I pass the night, in which I was plundered of my innocence, after the spoiler was gone! My bosom was a confused mixture of rage, shame and fondness. I cursed the hour of my birth, and tore my hair with madness. I dared not now behold the morn with cheerfulness; I could not see my parents smile on me without shame; I must look in their faces with the eye of guilt, and the appearance of self-condemnation.—How fallen from what my state had been yesterday! Instead of commanding my lover, when all my actions were of moment to him, and his happiness hung upon my will, I was now stripped of the dignity of my sex, obliged, as he cruelly said, in my turn to sue, and even to submit to whatever villainy or caprice might dictate, lest I should afford an excuse for a quarrel, and he might break from me for ever. To
such

such a state did the fatal imprudence of one poor moment bring me, that my reputation, my whole happiness during life, was supported alone by the slender thread of honour, which fashion had made it usual in men to violate. When I was called down to breakfast next morning, I went terrified lest any discovery should have happened; and I believe that, had I heard my father's voice in an angry tone as I went down stairs, I should have died with fear. Every rap that was at the door, I shuddered lest it should be some one coming to inform of me. I could not bear to be left alone with either of my parents, lest they should read my crime in my looks, or find me out by circumstances.

"This dread of discovery haunted me for a fortnight, during which time I had admitted Charles every night into my chamber. Tired at length

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with

with the great delay he made of our marriage, I one night pressed him very warmly on the subject; when he returned the following answer to my entreaties.—‘Govern your passion, Lucy, while I lay my design open to you; for, as I believe that you are a prudent girl, I will tell you what I purpose for you: but first let me tell you, that you are not entitled to marry me. You must know, that I perceived your father’s and mother’s design on me from the beginning; and I humoured it because it was necessary to favour one I had on you. In consequence of this, I freely proposed marriage to you, that I might blunt the edge of suspicion. For the same reason, I suggested that you should have some one to accompany you in our concerted expedition to Scotland; and the robber was my man, whom I caused to appear there, that his presence might produce the effect which
really

really happened. Nor indeed, Lucy, had I been unsuccessful in my attempt on you that night, would you, therefore, have escaped me; for the companion I would have gotten for you to go along with me to Scotland, would have been one, who would have concurred in any scheme I should propose for obtaining possession of your charms. And now, Lucy, I must confess that it was not your beauty alone which excited me to this scheme. I was also induced to it by a desire to revenge myself on the folly of your family, for fancying that they could make me a dupe to a passion for you.' Until this villain had gone so far in unfolding his plots, which I believe he did additionally to torment me, I remained dumb through astonishment. But I could now contain myself no longer, and I cried aloud, 'Villain, though you have ruined me, think not that you shall escape punishment;

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ment ; I have a father and brother in this house, who will wipe away the stain I have brought on them in your blood ;' and I screamed aloud for help. The noise I made brought my father into the room, who beheld me almost naked, striving to hold my destroyer, who was trying to stop my cries, and disengage himself from me, having in vain endeavoured to pacify my present violence of passion, which he thought me too tame ever to have been capable of feeling.—His astonishment and horror were great ; and in the first transports of his rage, he was going to put Charles to death. But the abject wretch fell on his knees, and begged for mercy ; and I, perceiving how fatal the effects of my rage would be, fainted away.

“ When I recovered, I perceived the terrified Charles still on his knees, and my mother and brother holding my father ; who having by this time given
his

his passion leave to subside a little, said to him, ' Well, villain, if I spare your life, are you willing to repair my daughter's disgrace, by instant marriage ?' He replied with a degree of eagerness, that he was ; and my father said, that he would go himself for the clergyman, as he would not come on such a purpose for any one else. He left my brother and my mother in the room with us, giving strict orders that neither of them should quit it ; and if Charles attempted to stir from the room, he desired my brother to shoot him immediately. When my father was gone, the wily wretch began to put a stratagem in practice to escape us. He assured my mother, that he was extremely sorry for what had passed, and that he had a scheme to propose to her, which he thought would be more effectual than the one they were going to put into execution. But he said he would only com-

municate it to her and me, as he did not wish, if it should not meet our approbation, that it should be known.

“ He therefore requested of my brother, that he would go so far out of the room, that he might not be within hearing. This my brother refused; but on Charles’s representation to my mother, she desired him, who was but a boy of seventeen, to go so far out that they might talk without interruption, as it was impossible that he should escape, before he could come to our assistance.—When my brother was gone, he began to protest his sorrow for the suspicion he had brought upon her daughter’s honour ; but that his dear Lucy was his wife in fact, and that he was determined to make her so according to law. He then mentioned, that if he was now forced into a marriage, it could not be binding, nor could he in honour abide by it, as it would seem the effect of cowardice in him.

him. 'But if I am left to myself,' said he, 'I may do it without any imputation thrown on my courage; it will appear a favourable circumstance for your daughter's reputation, that I marry her willingly; and this I solemnly promise to do.' Here he called down the most horrid imprecations on his head, if he did not. 'Let me therefore, madam, go out of the window by means of a sheet, and I vow (there he swore again most solemnly,) that I will return to-morrow of my own accord to marry your daughter. You see, madam,' continued he, pulling out a pistol, 'that this can be no stratagem of mine to escape; for surely, thus armed, I might easily force my way out, in spite of the boy who is placed over me as my guard. But I have done your family too much injury already, and I wish too sincerely to be united to it, to hazard the taking of one of their lives.' This he spoke in such an ap-

parently sincere manner, that my mother could not but believe him; and she was induced to agree to his scheme further, by the sight of the pistol, which made her tremble for the life of her son.—As for me, I firmly thought what he said to be true; and indeed the woman, who credits a man to the loss of her honour, will without difficulty believe him on any other subject. Besides, too, I repented of the situation my violence had brought him into; and in the moment of generosity, I wished rather that I should not be united to him, than that I should owe my union to any thing but his free will.—My mother being thus deceived equally with me, I lifted up the window as softly as I could, and let him slide down by means of a sheet. When we had drawn in the sheet, and judged that he was out of the reach of my brother's fire-arms, my mother pretended to fall to the ground, and lifted
up

up the window-sash with great violence, and let it fall again, calling to my brother for help.—My brother immediately ran in, and looking out of the window, fired at random; but we knew that Charles was by this time out of danger. My mother then told him a story, *How, as he was talking to her, and I was at some distance, he gave her a great push, threw her down, and then lifting up the window, he jumped out.* It was not long until my father returned with the clergyman; to whom he had made the matter known. When he was told in the same manner that my brother was, how Charles had made his escape, he could at first hardly believe it; but when he was made certain of it, he almost went mad. He cursed my mother and brother; and coming up to me, who wished that the earth would swallow me at that instant, he cried, ‘*Thou poison to my happiness,*

thou shalt not long survive thy ruin ;' and he immediately gave me such a blow, that I fell senseless to the earth. When I was down, he kicked and trampled on me ; and had it not been for the interposition of the clergyman and my brother, he would have murdered me. When he was taken out of the room, followed by my mother attempting to pacify him, I began to recover without any assistance. But the state of insensibility in which I had been, was a state of elysium to that into which I awakened. I dreaded every instant that my enraged father would destroy me ; I was afraid to die one time through the recollection of my wickedness ; at another, I wished death from a sense of my misery. O, Mr. Elliot ! there is a warning terror attends the human mind, on its first entrance into the realms of vice, which it is impossible for the truly innocent to imagine.—Thus I spent the night,
sitting

sitting on the floor almost naked, a prey to shame, terror, and despair; my only hope, that Charles would fulfil his promise; often yielding to the torment of a violent distrust; until at last, worn out with this conflict of passions, I lapsed into a state of sullen indifference and stupidity.—When my poor mother came up stairs in the morning to see me, she was shocked at the situation in which I spent the night, and conjured me most movingly to lie down. Her soothing tenderness recovered me from my state of stupefaction, and brought a shower of tears most seasonably to my relief; for, before that, I felt as if my head was bursting. Her kindness moved me more, even than the terror of my father, whose imprecations on my head made my soul tremble for its fate.—In such a state as this, I remained for three days; my anxiety becoming more poignant, as the time

of not hearing from my lover increased. My father continually sent up to me the most cutting reproaches—and commands that I should quit his house. At the end of this time I received a letter from Charles, informing me that he would before now have been with me to fulfil his promise, if it had not been for his father : That he could not think of seeing my father, until he had mitigated his anger, by the only atonement he could make to me. That, therefore, he wished that I should leave the house where I was, about twelve o'clock the next night ; and that the maid servant would convey me to the place where he was.—As I saw no reason for his writing this letter (but his wish to fulfil his promise, he being now out of my father's power), I read it with transport, for I still loved him ; and the thought of reviving my reputation confirmed my resolution of flying to him.

him. By the assistance of the servant, I made my way down stairs at the appointed time; and she conducted me to the place where he waited for me.

“As soon as I was now again in his power, he soothed my fears, consoled me in my misfortunes; and behaved with such tenderness, that, alas! I soon forgot, in his arms, the baseness of his conduct to me. I will not detain you, Sir, by reciting the various arts which he used to reconcile me to living with him without marriage. As my happiness, and indeed existence, now depended solely on his favour, I almost willingly permitted myself to be deceived by them.—At last, the monster confessed to me without disguise that he was tired of me, and that I must make room for another. I quit-
ted his house in a rage; and, under the guidance of his favourite servant, I set out for the nearest town in which the London stage sets up. But the
villain

villain brought me out of my way; and, when it grew duskish, carried me through the fields, under the pretence of going a short way to the town; where he attempted to perpetrate a villainous wickedness; which I believe was suggested to him by his master, for the purpose of debasing me yet more. But you, Sir, hearing my cries, put your horse to a gallop, which happily scared him away; and I was just able to run feebly to the road, where you found me."

C H A P. VI.

WHEN Lucinda had finished her story, Elliot did every thing in his power to mitigate her distress. He assured her of his support and protection, until she should be able to provide for herself. He went that day and

and took lodgings for her, and allowed her a handsome weekly stipend out of his income, to maintain her in her own apartments, to which he removed her immediately.

We have already confessed, that Stephen had almost forgotten his widow—that his idea of her charms was lost in the superior lustre of Lady Adelaide's perfections, as the radiance of the sun extinguishes the glimmering splendor of the stars. Yet he scarce knew what he was about; and he had not the courage to ask himself the question, whether he was in love with her. He now constantly visited at Castlemont as often as he could with propriety, and indeed oftener than he could have done without being taken notice of, had he not been the universal favourite of the whole family. Lord Hanbury, whom we have already mentioned, used also to reside almost constantly at Lord Moreton's. He was a
person

person of a very different temper, appearance, and turn of mind from our adventurer. He was quite a fashionable, giddy young man; spoiled by too early an introduction into life. The rake at fifteen, is always an invalid at twenty; and this pale, emaciated compound of powders, cosmetics, and pomatums, exhibited in his outward appearance a tinselled, pitiless emblem of his mind. His conversation was a rotation of modish trifles: *Who was last touch'd for a large sum at Brookes's, or was most splendidly dressed at the drawing-room, and especially on what reputation Scandal had fastened her poisonous fangs.* He would mention without scruple every fashionable lady of dubious character, who, from her prudence or good luck, had so far preserved her reputation, as at once to revel in the sensualities of vice, and be admitted to the privileges of virtue.—He would relate wanton stories of
them,

them, and hint, how very well he stood in their good opinions. The weak mind, unable to think, naturally flies to anecdote to find conversation; and from a young man of no education, however great his fortune, we cannot expect either a very happy or a very decent selection.—In short, his conversation was, when gay, a compound of frivolousness and grimace, which would disgust a sensible woman, put the modest to the blush, and make many who pass for such, give him an approving smile, and, patting him with their fan, cry, “Get you gone.” When he was sad (for he was never capable of being serious) there appeared such a studied indifference in his behaviour, and disregard of every thing around him, as spoke plainly his thoughts, *that he was made for himself, and all the world for him.* Such a person was young Lord Hanbury, who came down, as we have before stated, by express

press agreement, to pay his addresses to Lady Frances Moreton. Mistake not, reader, it was not because he wanted a wife, but because he wanted an addition to his fortune. Elliot saw him often at Castlemont, and never once conjectured that he and Lady Frances were lovers. When he was told it, he looked in vain for the signs of love : he strove, without success, to discern the look, the blush, the falter, the trembling, the hopes, the fears, and sympathetic, fond anxieties, by which Love proclaims his votaries. All he could discern different in his Lordship's conduct from that of any stranger was, that he made it a point to sit next to her, and would sometimes whisper his silly stories in her ear, to give them the important air of secrets ; as for any thing else, he left it to his father.

With this young Lord, Elliot became as intimate as their different tempers and ways of thinking would admit of.

of. Lord Hanbury was pleased that our hero did not attempt to rival him in what, he thought, the agreeable arts of conversation; and the other, in his turn, was pleased, that he had not thought of paying his addresses to Lady Adelaide. One day, however, as he was as usual at Castlemont, he was surprised with the appearance of a young man, who stepped out of a chariot and fix, and was announced by the name Reynel. Elliot immediately recollected the gentleman with whom he had quarrelled, by reason of his having applied a sum which he had owed him, with the virtuous design of preventing his seducing a young maiden in distress; but they took no notice of each other. Reynel was in mourning, as he had about a month before lost his father, from whom he inherited an estate of six thousand pounds a year. He was a near relation of Lord Moreton's, though, from a quarrel between
the

the fathers, he had not until now visited at Castlemont. During this visit, he appeared particularly smitten with the charms of Lady Adelaide, and behaved with a degree of attention to her, which would not let the breast of Elliot remain at rest. He observed his warm politeness to her with regret; and every smile she honoured him with, planted a dagger in his heart.

In the evening, there was a small dancing party, and Mr. Reynel requested the honour of Lady Adelaide's hand; but she feigned an engagement, and soon afterwards permitted Elliot to lead her out. While our adventurer was exerting himself, during the intervals of the dances, to entertain his lovely partner, Reynel, whose hatred to him was inveterate, thought he perceived an intimacy between them, which, for many reasons, he resolved by some means or other to put an end to. Unwilling that his rival should enjoy

joy even a moment's happiness, as soon as the dancing was over, he again seated himself by Lady Adelaide, and engrossed, as much as possible, her conversation. Our adventurer, uneasy as he was at this, dared not join them, lest he should be observed as too particular. He sat viewing them at a distance, in the utmost uneasiness; and after supper was over, he retired to bed (for he now slept in the house very often), under pretence of a head-ach. The uneasiness he had felt at Reynel's attention, gave him more fully to understand, how great an interest he had in the actions of Lady Adelaide. He imagined that he had not the least chance of gaining her heart; and even flattered himself, that, were it in his power, he would not do it, as she was so much his superior in rank and fortune that it must be an injury to her; yet he could not, for all this, resolve, never to come near the house where she

she was. His mind was an heap of inconsistencies; and he fed his passion with visions which terminated he knew not where. He felt, that to be deprived of the power of seeing her, would be worse than the struggle of death; and he pleased himself with the romantic notion, of dying a victim to his passion. Reynel, in the mean time, resolved to instil suspicions into the mind of Lord Moreton, that he was a dangerous companion for his daughters. He bestowed a great many insidious praises upon his beauty and agreeable talents; and he declared, that he did not wonder that all the young ladies in the room assembled perpetually near him, and seemed ambitiously to strive, who should attract his notice most. This conversation insinuated a suspicion at once into the mind of his Lordship, that Elliot might aim at obtaining one of his daughters. But as he had been almost obliged to
him

him for his life, he resolved to restrain his surmises within his own bosom, and to wait until some further observation enabled him to act decidedly.

Few are as great proficient in dissimulation as they flatter themselves that they are; and our hero, to his great uneasiness, perceived the change which had been made to his prejudice on the mind of his Lordship. He conjectured but too truly, that this alteration was either owing to the machinations of Reynel, or the discovery of his love, which he feared his looks, too often in despite of him, revealed. That he might not verify suspicion, and be prevented from visiting at the house entirely, (which he dreaded very much), he put a stricter guard upon his looks and gestures, and went less frequently than usual to Castlemont, although he passed every moment in misery that he was not there. To every look, to every word, to every action of Lady Adelaide's,

laide's, he gave a meaning; and was continually, while in her presence, either idly elated with hope, or causelessly depressed with fear. The mind of a man in love, is ever busy to torment itself; but the horrors of absence were much more intolerable, than an accumulation of his other sufferings. In short, poor Elliot was now in the situation of a man in a dream, who strives to fly from his misery, but cannot, while his sense of the inefficacy of his struggles, but increases his wretchedness. As he could not bear to be absent for any time, from the presence of his mistress, and yet was obliged to appear less frequently before Lord and Lady Moreton than ever, he made it his constant practice, to ride every day from Cambridge to within two miles of their house; where he would leave his horses to the care of his man, O'Flanagan, and walk down into the grove or the gardens. There he would
lie

lie hid, in hopes to see her pass by in her walks, or to hear some of the servants talk in her praise, as they went along; and thus make him certain that no accident had befallen her. Or, if he could not be so happy, he used to solace himself with gazing at the window of the room where he guessed she was sitting; or even in kissing that part of the rails, on which he had seen her lay her hands. He was one evening returning from thence, sighing, and accusing his hard fortune, that he had not seen her for so long a time as since yesterday morning; when he heard the noise of a carriage, as if driven along with the greatest fury. His first inclination was to secure himself from discovery by hiding; but the rapidity with which the carriage hurried on, prevented him: and guess what were his emotions, when he perceived it to be the phaeton of Lord Moreton, that the horses were running away with

it and the driver seemed to have lost all guidance of the reins! He perceived, that a lady and gentleman were in it, though he could not discern who they were; and as they now approached a narrow winding of the avenue leading to the house, he shuddered lest the horses should make too short a turn, and, oversetting the carriage, dash them to atoms. He ran towards them, to prevent, if possible, such a catastrophe; but what was his indignation, when he perceived the gentleman gallantly leap out of the carriage, and abandon the lady to her fate! Our hero rushed towards the turn, which he feared would terminate her existence, as more sensible now of the necessity of his interference. "O Heavens!" he cried, "it is Lady Adelaide." He hung by the bridles to the heads of the horses; and they stopped at last, by the efforts he made to check them. He then ran to disengage his mistress; who sprang wildly

wildly into his arms, and fainted away. An instinctive desire to preserve herself, had hitherto prevented the agitation of her spirits from overcoming her ; but as the danger diminished, her sense of it increased, and had thus become too violent for her to support. In the madness of love, he at first apprehended her to be dead ; and, lost in the stupidity of grief, was totally incapable of affording her any assistance towards her recovery. At length, however, he was transported at the colour again returning to relume her lovely cheek. He ran to fetch her some water, and perceived Lord Hanbury hanging in a very uneasy situation on a wall, on which he had leapt, so high, that the little nobleman was afraid to drop down from it. He entreated the aid of Elliot, to let him down from his painful elevation ; but the latter was too much engaged, and too angry with him for having leapt out of the phaeton,

to afford him the least assistance : and speaking to him with a warm contempt, he passed on to fetch the water, with which he soon returned to his revived mistress. Having drank it, she declared that she felt herself much better ; and, looking at Elliot, attempted to speak her thanks for the kindness he had shewn to her.

Lord Moreton's carriage, with his family, had by this time come up ; they were greatly terrified for the danger in which Lady Adelaide had been, and caressed Stephen extremely for his gallant behaviour ; which shone not the less, for its contrast with the selfish eagerness of Lord Hanbury, to liberate himself from the chance of any accident. His Lordship, however, was now, by the help of a footman, removed from the wall, and the family walked homeward. As soon as they arrived at the house, Lady Adelaide was obliged to retire to her chamber ; but as she
was

was going, she cast a look of gratitude at Elliot, which thrilled his soul. It seems, the whole family had gone out to take the air in the evening; and Lord Hanbury had persuaded Lady Adelaide to accompany him in the phaeton, while the rest went in the coach. The horses had taken fright; and his Lordship, not being a very skilful driver, and being terrified also at the danger, was totally unable to manage them; so that, in all probability, his lovely companion must have been destroyed, had it not been for the bold and lucky interference of her ardent lover. Lord Moreton pressed our adventurer to retire and settle his dress, which the exercise had discomposed very much; and indeed his face betrayed all the marks of the violent agitation he had undergone for the danger of his mistress. "And while you are doing this, tell me, Elliot," said his Lordship, "where you have left your horse.

horse, that I may order a servant to go for him." This was an unhappy question to put to poor Elliot, who had not been sufficiently master of himself, since the accident happened, to devise an excuse for his appearance at such a time, or even to think that one was necessary, and who was too unpractised in the art of lying to invent one immediately. After some hesitation, he told him, "that he had been that day to see a friend in the neighbourhood; and having some business to do in Cambridge to-morrow, that he left his horses about two miles off, that he might not be tempted to stay the night; when he called in, as he passed by, to see how his Lordship and the ladies were." This excuse was so imperfect in itself, and so lamely delivered, that had not Lord Moreton's mind been completely occupied with the danger, he must have perceived it to be the invention

invention of the moment; and, from its want of truth, have, perhaps, conceived some suspicions of the real design for which he came.

Elliot had received a severe wound in his hand by endeavouring to stop the horses, which in his hurry and confusion he had not perceived, but which now began to pain him very much; and he was obliged to get it dressed immediately. Having got this operation performed, and put his dress into some order, he returned to the company; and soon after, meeting Lady Frances, inquired of her, how her sister was? She gave for answer, "that she was asleep; and with a very grave air said, that she hoped she would have no disagreeable dreams, to prey upon her spirits upon the ensuing day. Indeed, Sir," continued she, with a sigh, "we all meet with warning of our misfortunes, if we had but the grace to take notice of it. I remember very well,

that my sister struck her toe against the threshold of the door, as she was going out, which was a warning she should not have neglected. I know that, if it should ever occur to me, I am resolved on no account to slight it." Elliot, who was elated with the account he had just heard of his mistress's being better, replied, "I see, madam, that you agree in opinion with the ancient Romans, not one of whom would stir from his house, if he chanced to hit his foot against the foreboding place you mention; no, not if his mansion was on fire." "I am glad," replied her Ladyship, "that the observation I have made is confirmed by experience;" and away she went, fully attached to her opinion; and confirmed in it, from the recital of ancient superstition.— Thus it is always, that folly begets folly; that we become ridiculous as often through a love of imitation, as natural weakness; and persevere in our superstition,

stition, as if not only fortified, but justified in it, by the number of those who have been as great fools as ourselves. Stephen could not help reflecting with sorrow, as her Ladyship went away, on her weakness; not doubting but she would every day find a fresh treasure of omens to mislead her, and fabricate for herself more miseries than those nature had ordained. She had a number of excellent qualifications; and he sincerely wished that he dared prove to her the absurdity of superstitious prejudice, to which she was much addicted.

C H A P. VII.

NEXT morning, Lady Adelaide was so well recovered as to be able to venture down stairs. A beauteous languor spread itself over her countenance;

nance ; in her cheeks the lily reigned triumphant ; and the vermilion which had until now seated itself there, seemed to have stolen itself away, to add additional richness to the ruby of her lips. She again thanked her deliverer in terms so gracefully grateful, that he could scarcely refrain from throwing himself at her feet, and declaring his passion, to avow that he lived but to serve her. How irresistible is the force of beauty ! Like the touch of an angel, it withers all resistance to its power in an instant ; like lightning, it is felt as soon as it is seen : in every look, every action, every word of a fine woman, there is an expressive eloquence, to which the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the fancy of Cicero, appear languid and uninteresting. Beauty, thou most powerful of advocates ! even the aged tribunals have owned thy omnipotence. Vain was it to accuse Phryne of impiously personating a goddess ;
the

the fair bosom of the charmer could move even the cold inflexibility of her judges to confess, that nothing divine could surpass it. She degraded not the deity by imitation ; for none could be more worthy of adoration.

Lady Adelaide observing the hand of our hero to be bound up, asked him with solicitude the cause of it ; which when she had learned, " The bandage on it," said she, smiling, " seems loose ; and as I have been the cause of the wound, I ought, as far as I am able, to be the surgeon to cure it." Then taking the ribbon which she wore round her waist, she bound up his hand with it. Elliot received this favour as an ample recompense for what he had done and suffered ; he kissed the knot which she had tied, and was more rejoiced to wear his hand so bound up, than if his Sovereign had adorned him with that ribband which is the ensign of

the most noble order in Europe. He never would permit this knot to be untied, not even when it was necessary that the wound should be dressed; this he made them do without unloosing the tie, which he considered as inestimable. He gave it many a kiss in secret, idolizing it from the consideration that it was once hers, and had been so happy as to have surrounded her waist; and he bore it constantly about him, when his hand was well, as a kind remembrancer, that she had once conferred a favour on him.

Mr. Elliot could not think of leaving Castlemont, until Lady Adelaide was completely recovered. His gallantry in saving her life, had entirely removed the coldness of Lord Moreton. The warmth of gratitude for that action had eradicated suspicions, which in the eye of reason it ought to have increased; but man is more the child of feeling than reason, and his Lordship
was

was now more glad to see him than ever; for our doubts, when once removed, render the object of them more unsuspected and dear to us, than if he had never been singled out by our suspicion. Our adventurer rode out in the middle of the day, to accompany his lordship on his way, to visit at the house of a friend; and having parted with him near the place, rode slowly back again to Castlemont, reflecting on the happiness he enjoyed in having saved the life of his mistress.— His servant, who, when he was alone with his master, always assumed the privilege of conversing with him, freely said, “Faith, master, ’tis not for nothing that you ride hurry skurry night and day to his Lordship’s house, and that you won’t be seen to any of the family, but the young lady, and that you put your precious life in peril sometimes to save her’s. Ah! master, ’faith, Phelim’s own self can see as far into a mill-stone

as

as another, and many a time he has seen you cast a sheep's eye at her; indeed, to give the devil his due, this is a sweet handsome young lady, that well deserves to be a gentleman's first love."

"Why, what put all this into your head, Phelim?" said his master, assuming a serious look. "Pooh, pooh, master! if you've a mind to conceal it, I will say no more; but, by my soul, you need not be ashamed of it, but confess it freely without blushing; for, as fine a gentleman as you are, she's worthy of twice as good as you; but indeed, if she was to be matched to her equal, the poor girl must go to heaven to look for a husband; and yet they say, that old maids never get there. Why now, there's Mrs. Clarinda, their waiting-lady, with whom I have kissed up an acquaintance, who has told me that she has heard the young ladies say a thousand things in your commendation, when they were

were alone together ; and that Mr. Reynel, for all his fine fortune, was not thought so well of by them." This intelligence, which was very pleasing to our hero, threw him into a pleasing meditation, and he pictured to his mind many agreeable scenes, of which we may be sure that Lady Adelaide was the principal ornament.

O'Flanagan, however, interrupted his master's reverie, by saying, " that it was as plain as the nose on his face, that Lady Adelaide loved him, else she would never have his name in her mouth almost as constant as she had her teeth. Do, Sir, then, bowl up to her at once ; and don't be so long about it, until you and she make as many flourishes as a couple of prize-fighters, who are going to break one another's heads ; or as the little lord there within, who is as much afraid to venture on a wife, as a horse is to plunge into a swamp, or himself would be to go out
in

in a shower of rain. Ah! Sir, 'faith, the footman made me laugh, telling me how he took the creature down from the wall, where he was stuck, and driven about by the wind, like a rag put to frighten the crows from the cherries. O Lord! O Lord! but these lords have great need of their titles, to make people think as well of them as of other folks."

When Stephen, who was too much taken up with his own affairs to give any answer, or pay any attention to these remarks of Phelim's, arrived at Castlemont, he found Lady Adelaide sitting alone. He asked her with a fond concern, how she was, and complimented her on the revived sprightliness of her looks. "How much do you gentlemen study to make women vain!" replied Lady Adelaide. "Your compliments shew, that you wish to make me believe that I am well, and yet your inquiries tell me that you doubt it."

it." "Indeed, Lady Adelaide, there is no one who disapproves of empty compliments more than I do," answered Elliot, "but to a person we"—Here the word *love* was just slipping out, when he checked himself with precipitation, and continued thus: "But to a person, I say, whom we esteem highly, nothing can be a compliment; for our friendship makes us esteem even the faults of those we admire perfections, and the exaggeration of compliment, in the breast of such a one, passes but for an inadequate description of the truth." "O, very well," answered Lady Adelaide, smiling, "I see that you are resolved to persevere, and compliment even in defending a compliment; but I doubt whether what you say of compliments be just, with respect to friendship."

Whether she thought that she had laid too great an emphasis on the word *friendship*, and on that account wished to give

give the conversation a more general turn; or whether the coming in of Lord Hanbury induced her to it, I cannot say; but certain it is, that she immediately requested of him to declare his opinion of the propriety of compliments to ladies in general. "Upon my word, madam," said he, "you impose a nice task on me: however, if I differ from you in my sentiments, remember that it was you who set me on declaring my opinion. As I have said before, of empty and undeserved compliments to women, I by no means approve; and if the lady to whom they are addressed, were to consider them in a proper light, she would, when they came from any person who does not give other evident tokens of his esteem, beside that one which is easily affected, consider them as insults. For they are spoken upon the principle, that the lady's vanity is so great, that she will believe all sorts of improbabilities

bilities, when uttered in her own praise. But an handsome encomium in discourse, which does not out-step the bounds of probable justice, I confess I admire. Praise, let it come from whom it will, if the person be not entirely despicable, is a sweet reward and encouragement to strive at perfection. And by this we shew that we are sufficiently attentive to the actions of a lady, so as to observe her perfections, with whatever modest humility she may strive to conceal them. But when applause is indiscriminately thrown about on all sides, on the deserving and the undeserving, it is the most impudent species of flattery. The wise part of your sex look on it as the usual topic made use of to enrich a barrenness of invention for other conversation, or as proofs of the insincerity of the person who uses them:—while among the weak it has worse consequences; as it flatters their vanity, and discourages their

their exertions for improvement, by teaching them that they have no occasion for it, and that, though we may perceive our own faults, the world cannot. But, badly as I am inclined to think of compliments, except from a friend or a lover (in which case they are none), I think much worse of that indolence to please, and that desire to appear indifferent towards engaging the esteem of the ladies, by inattention, and sometimes rudeness, which many of our beaux, of this day's fashioning, affect. Compliments at least shew a willingness to please, although the person who pays them, mistakes the means of doing it effectually. They are an acknowledgment of the superiority of the ladies, and a tribute, though a pernicious one, to their sovereignty over our hearts. But what can we say of the wretch who takes no pride in cherishing the good opinion of that sex, whom civilization has always exalted, and

and whom every man acknowledges as the arbiter of his happiness? An insignificant being, who places himself in an intermediate state between both sexes, becomes neither, and arrogates to himself, in right of his effeminacy, even from the ladies, that deference and complaisance alone due to them, without possessing that natural delicacy and power of pleasing, which is their charter to it."

Elliot spoke this in an animated manner, as really feeling what he said, casting his eyes towards Lord Hanbury, on whom the latter part of his discourse was meant to reflect; for he had not forgiven him his desertion of Lady Adelaide, when her life was in danger. Indeed, to say the truth, the young Lord was so sickened at hearing the praises bestowed on Elliot, and the remarks which glanced covertly at himself, on account of that adventure, that he hated him heartily; and if he had not

not an unconquerable love for his own dear person, would, in all probability, have sought an opportunity of quarrelling with him. "Upon my word," said Lady Adelaide, directing her discourse to Elliot, "I think you have justly condemned compliments, and the ridiculous coxcombs of your sex, who seem to act, in paying court to the ladies, according to Mr. Dryden's sarcastic opinion, *that our sex loves itself in man*. Civilities of this sort, however, have their use; they tend to make mankind more social, to prevent quarrels and rudeness in company, and thus to reconcile a number of weak or vain people to each others intimacy."

Our adventurer having gotten a copy of the picture of Lady Adelaide, which he had recovered, and left it to be set, took the opportunity of delivering the original to her when Lord Hanbury went out. She received it with the utmost joy and surprise; she
even

even put it to her lips, and was scarcely less grateful to Elliot, for preserving her life, than for effecting its recovery. In relating the means of his getting it, he was almost necessitated to own, that it had been some time in his possession. This was bringing on a declaration of his passion, when, unluckily, a servant came in to inform them, that Mr. Reynel's carriage was just come. "If that is the case," said Lady Adelaide, rising, "I must retire to dress." These words tormented the heart of poor Elliot in the most poignant manner, as he construed them into an eagerness to adorn herself, that she might appear agreeable to him. The certainty of Reynel's being a rival, and the dread of his being a favourite one, joined to the memory of their quarrel, would not permit him to bear the sight of him with patience. Dreading that the warmth of his temper, which he knew to be great, would betray him into some action

tion which might expose his love, and cut him off for ever from the presence of his dear Adelaide; he resolved to retire, and leave Reynel master of the field. He therefore ordered his horses to be got ready as soon as possible, and set out for Cambridge without seeing any of the family. He had not gone an hundred yards from the house, when he recollected with horror, what an opportunity he had given his rival; how easily he might put a hundred stratagems in practice, to gain the love of his mistress, and injure him in her estimation, which he never could do if he had been present. He imagined Lady Adelaide would be gained in a night; and that his rival would marry her immediately. Maddened with these thoughts, he turned about and rode some paces back towards Castlemont; but the recollection that he could make no excuse for his return, made him again face about towards

wards Cambridge. The stings of jealous surmise again attacked him, and he again turned back ; but recovering his senses a little, he set his face once more to Cambridge, and galloped as hard as he could, whistling as vehemently as possible all the time, to destroy his powers of attention, and lull his too busy imagination. When he got home, as he knew he could not bear the torment of those thoughts which solitude would nourish and inspire, he went to Lucinda's lodgings, that he might endeavour to forget, in her company, those scenes he had left. He had visited this unfortunate fair very often since he had first relieved her. As her melancholy became gradually dissipated, which he used his utmost endeavours to effect, he found her engaging and agreeable. There was a degree of tenderness in her manner which pleased him insensibly ; and this shone more especially

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whenever she renewed her thanks for his kind treatment to her; a subject she called to mind almost whenever they met, notwithstanding his generosity wished that she would avoid it. Indeed, reader, we must confess, that there had happened a strange revolution in the bosom of Lucinda, since she had first seen our hero. At first, she was rather in a passion with the man who had ruined her, than possessing a violent hatred to him. But she since had time to dwell upon his deliberate cruelty, and it sunk deeply in her mind. The charms of Elliot being often before her, contributed to this revolution; for they were irresistible to the heart of a woman who had been alone taught to value beauty and riches.— This brought forth the dawnings of a passion for him; and the recollection of his tenderness to her in the moment of distress, and his gallantry and generosity to her since, encreased its genial warmth.

warmth. Thus did our hero make an hasty conquest of an heart, the purity of which had been first sullied by an ill-judged education, and then polluted by a temporary connexion with the man who had debauched her. Perhaps, too, she prudently considered (for it is hard to tell how far a lady's thoughts will wander sometimes), that thus deserted by her relations and her lover, she had no means to live, except by the generosity of Elliot, or some one as good-natured as he was: and she might have been afraid, that without some other tie than mere pity, his liberality would not be as lasting as it was disinterested. Whether this was one of her reasons or not, it is certain that she had resolved to make a conquest of him. It is true, she had observed a coldness in his manner towards her; which she thought a young man, when alone with a fine woman, might as well be without. But this, while it

enhanced the conquest by the prospect of its difficulty, led her not to doubt the success of her charms to thaw his chill indifference. On purpose to play the battery of her beauties against his affections, she had sent to invite him on that day to dine with her. He did not, however, receive her message until he got to her lodgings, as he had not staid to talk to any of the people of the house. He found her prepared to receive him, in an elegant undress, which gave a degree of lusciousness, and (if I may be allowed the expression) of modest wantonness to her appearance, it is scarcely possible to resist. While they were at dinner she shewed a degree of sprightliness, which Stephen thought hardly becoming a woman so unfortunate as she had been. But indeed it appeared to him more improper at that time than it really was. His clouded heart lowered at the prospect of mirth, and endeavoured to obscure the playfulness

playfulness of joy in another, which was troublesome to him, merely because he could not participate in it. Lucinda exerted all those little artifices, which a woman who wishes to shew a man that he is not indifferent to her, puts in practice; but with that nicety, which leaves her room to persuade herself, that while she violated the rules of modesty in her heart, she preserved the more necessary ones of external decorum. Much of this dumb eloquence passed unnoticed by Stephen, whose mind, in spite of all his exertions to the contrary, dwelt at Castlemont, and left him insensible to what passed in the room with him.—Lucinda beheld his inattention with chagrin; and flapping him on the thigh, cried, “What, so deep in love, Mr. Elliot?” He sighed involuntarily, and cried, “No;” but endeavouring to become more attentive, and to lose the thoughts of his mistress for a time,

he laid the blame of his low spirits on the fatigue caused by his ride; and as he could not become sprightly, he endeavoured to appear talkative. His attempt gradually succeeded; the conversation became more interesting and lively, Lucy's eyes swam with joy and fondness, and her behaviour was so unequivocal, that he could not avoid snatching her to his bosom, and giving her a kiss. But recollecting his Adelaide at the instant, he immediately started back with emotion, and said to her, "My dear Lucy, I have paid this homage to your charms in spite of reflection; but know that I am the unalterable slave of another; and all beautiful as you are, I would look on any moment that I passed estranged from my service to her, after it had fled, as the most wretched of my life. I have not a heart to offer you; and therefore it would be as improper as it would be unsafe, to stay with you at present,

present, where a moment's delay might dissolve my resolution." Having spoken thus, he retired, leaving Lucinda filled with confusion, shame, rage and contempt for him. Numbers of my male, and perhaps even some of my female readers, will think that he acted very unnaturally, nay, despicably; but the person who has really felt the force of love, will say, that he could not have done otherwise, and have been in love, when the image of his mistress, like his guardian angel, presented itself to his mind, to save him from the guilt of infidelity. Be their opinions, however, what they may, it is certain that our hero plumed himself very much on this sacrifice, which he had made to his fidelity to his mistress; and he retired to his lodgings more elated, than if he had received a dukedom, or had been crowned with all the honours of military conquest.

C H A P. VIII.

WE must now entreat the attention of the reader to accompany us back to Castlemont, that we may see whether any thing had been done there since Elliot left it, essential to our story. We have already mentioned that Lady Adelaide retired at the coming of Reynel; she did this, as she wished to spend as little time as possible, in the company of a man, whom she thought appeared more attentive to her than what mere politeness demanded. Perhaps she disliked him additionally on that account, as he seemed to lay claim to a heart which she had given to another; for indeed she was no longer able to regard our adventurer with an eye of indifference. She could not be insensible to the involuntary attention which he had shewn her so long. She was

was of that age at which the female breast is most apt to feel, what the cold, the avaricious, and the aged call the romantic extravagance of love. His grace and figure attracted her attention, as it would that of any other young girl: his manners were naturally affable, and had insensibly been polished in her company: his good humour was unaffected, his endeavours to please unforced, and his evident disregard to any thing, when in competition with obliging her, remarkable. She had, imperceptibly to herself, contracted a wish to be always in his company, because he was always agreeable. She felt a solicitude for his welfare, which she attributed to his having saved, in some measure, the life of her father; and she was uneasy when he was attentive to any other woman—she knew not why. But his success and courage in saving her own life, told her, that he merited every happiness

and return in her power, and made her feel, that as no one could equally deserve her affection, so no one could make her so happy; and with no one else could she reconcile herself to spend her life. But her love (if it deserved so ardent a name), was of the most timid kind; it grew in stealth to herself, and whenever it made itself evident, it was but too generally the cause of uneasiness to her. Elliot had never spoken to her on the subject of love, and she might have mistaken complaisance for affection; he might be in love with another, and the regard she felt for him might thus even be in time illicit.—The consideration that her father, half of whose fortune was to go to her at his death, as he had no son, would never consent to such an union, often stole across her, and heaved her bosom with a sigh; yet sometimes, in a gay and unthinking moment, she would please herself with the hope, that his gratitude

gratitude for Elliot's saving his life, which action had first engaged her esteem, would make him approve of it.

Such was the state of Lady Adelaide's mind with respect to Elliot. She returned not into the drawing-room until after the bell had rung for dinner, where she received Mr. Reynel's compliments and assiduities with great coldness. Notwithstanding this, he persevered in his attempts at gaining her affections by the most marked attention; for, he was not only enamoured with the estate, which he knew she must inherit at the death of her father, but also with her person. He was the nearest male relation Lord Moreton had; and as he possessed much the best fortune of any of them, he doubted not but that nobleman, in order to preserve both fortune and title in the male line, would grant him his daughter in marriage. Moved by these views, and fascinated with the presence of

beauty, in a manner which often makes us troublesome to those we admire, he followed her wherever she sat, and was attentive to her beyond the rules of politeness, or that degree which his artful knowledge of the world taught him was likely to be successful. His chief conversation at first, was sarcastic remarks on the foibles of her female acquaintance, a subject which he had ever found to be agreeable to her sex; but he was so unlucky for once as to be mistaken in his opinion, and to hit upon the topic she most disliked. Her perfections made it an unnecessary task for envy to level the good qualities of others, that her own might be exalted in their ruins; and her good nature and good principles would not permit her to take delight, in wantonly exposing or observing the failings of her friends. Reynel had sufficient penetration, and indeed Lady Adelaide had too little art, for him not to perceive easily,

easily, that these sentiments were disgusting to her. He therefore soon exchanged it for some of those commonplace professions of virtue, and declamations in its favour, which every one may with ease affect. On these he talked with great fluency, and attempted being lively as well as serious; he even introduced the subject of love, and dwelt on the generosity which alone exists in noble minds, of preferring the felicity of her we make the object of our admiration to our own. The sentiments of a man may be as sublime as those of Plato, and yet his heart as vile as that of Heliogabalus. It is action alone which constitutes the test of virtue. But this is a lesson the young learn only from experience; and the unsuspecting Lady Adelaide entertained a better opinion of him, than she otherwise would have done from the splendid cloak of hypocrisy he had assumed.

There

There is in every modest woman, a dislike to continue for a length of time, a conversation tête-à-tête, with a man whom she does not consider as a proper object to place her affections on. Whether this originated from a dread of observation, and a supposition that other men, seeing her thus entertained, will be scrupulous of addressing one they think already engaged; or from a fear that the poor man should get so far into love, as to knock even at death's door, without any hope of relief; or whether it arises from a natural delicacy inherent in the sex, I cannot determine. But certainly it was owing to something like the last, that Lady Adelaïde, at length, removed from beside Mr. Reynel, and placed herself between her sister and mother, so that he could no longer continue a particular conversation with her. After supper, she retired as soon as she could; and Reynel, at Lord Moreton's

Moreton's entreaty, spent the night at Castlemont. The cold behaviour of Lady Adelaide to Mr. Reynel, which certainly appeared more than her disposition could unintentionally display, did not pass unnoticed by him. His artful address, and his riches, had made him too successful among the ladies, to seek for the cause of her dislike in his own person or behaviour. He attributed it to some one else having pre-occupied her heart; and we have already mentioned, that the behaviour of Elliot towards her had been remarked by him. Love is always ingenuous: its feelings are too strong to leave the countenance at rest while the heart is agitated. Its votaries seem actuated by an animal magnetism: they cannot be together a moment, without snatching a sympathy from each other, and catching the retorted feeling from the rapid intelligence of the eyes. The situation, therefore,

therefore, of our lovers' hearts could not be intirely unknown to Reynel, who observed their actions with the eye of jealousy, and commented on them with an heart of malignity. He considered, however, that Lady Adelaide felt rather a predilection than a love for Elliot; and that to root it out, it was alone necessary to remove the object of it. Indeed, had he imagined it to be love, it is probable that such was his opinion of himself, and of female inconstancy, that he would have thought that the same means would have removed it equally well. He knew that, to inform Lord Moreton of it, would effectually prevent the appearance of Elliot at Castlemont; but how to effect this, without appearing himself to act in it, he must devise. To appear the discoverer himself, he did not choose, as he knew that it would excite the resentment of Lady Adelaide against him, and thus fix an
aversion

aversion for him in her mind, even after her regard for his rival had subsided. He saw that Lord Hanbury hated our hero as much as he did, for his mind was too shallow to conceal his sentiments; and the equality of fortune, which is in general, now-a-days, the bond of intimacy between young men, made him open his heart with less reserve to Reynel. Of him, therefore, this designing gentleman resolved to make a tool, to discover to Lord Moreton the passion which our adventurer felt for his daughter. Still, however, he considered that this nobleman was of a very timid disposition, and that all the foresight he was blessed with by providence, seemed to relate alone to his personal safety. He, therefore, determined to associate some one else in his design to assist him, in case there should be occasion; and he thought that he perceived a proper object in the person of Mr. Supple,

Supple, who came on a visit to Castlemont on the next day. By a few of those condescensions, with which little minds are always easily charmed, when they come from people of greater fortune than themselves, he quite gained the heart of Supple; whilst Reynel had sufficient knowledge of mankind to be sensible, from the eagerness with which he grasped at his acquaintance, how little he would value any moral consideration, which would prevent his preserving it. He had not, however, as yet, completely devised any scheme for the ruin of poor Elliot, who remained in Cambridge, tormented with very different thoughts. It seems that he had received a letter from old Mr. Elliot, his father, on the day after he had left Castlemont; requesting of him to make all possible haste home to him, as he wanted to consult him on business of the greatest moment. He prepared to obey, though
with

with reluctance, as he knew that it would necessarily keep him some days without seeing Lady Adelaide, and leave his rival unmolested in prosecuting his suit. He went that night to Lucinda's, that he might leave her what money would be necessary to support her during his absence. On his entering her room, she would hardly speak to him; so much was she incensed at the indifference he manifested to her on the night before. He saw the motives of her behaviour, and he altered not his conduct towards her. He mentioned to her, that as he was going out of town—"Ay, I suppose Sir," said she, interrupting him impatiently, "you are going to visit that mistress, to whom you are an unalterable slave." "No, Madam," said he, "I am going to wait on my father, by his express commands; and as I must be unavoidably absent from you for a few days, I have waited on
you

you to take my leave, and beg your acceptance of this trifle." (Here he gave her a bank note for fifty pounds) "It will, I hope, keep you from wanting any thing while I am away; and believe me, that I wish sincerely, that it was in my power to afford you a supply proportional to your merit."

There is something in generosity and mildness, which force the love and admiration, even of the most depraved, to wait on its possessor for a moment. Lucinda in answer, said, "Elliot, you are too good, yet why are you," continued she with a sigh, "as insensible as you are generous? No one woman has a right to monopolize such a man; she would be too happy. I will not," continued she, looking at the note, "accept all this, it is too much for me, you must take the half of it back again. Alas! you only press such a sum on me, that you may not be forced to visit me for this long time."

time." Elliot assured her, that it was not with that design that he offered it, and insisted upon her keeping the whole. To which she would not consent upon any other conditions, than a positive promise, that he would come to see her the very day on which he came again to Cambridge. Elliot having complied with her request, and having saluted her, retired with some precipitation, as sensible of the danger of staying in the company of a woman, over whom he was sure that he could triumph without any resistance. On the next day, when he was ready to set off, he met Supple in the street, who immediately grasped him by the hand, and seemed quite rejoiced to see him. He told him, that he had but just returned from Castlemont; and the over-fulness of his vanity, from his reception there, made it break forth in innumerable instances. Having communicated to
Stephen,

Stephen, the fondness which the whole family manifested for him—"But, perhaps," said he, "it is all dissimulation in them; they never talk of me behind my back. O, no!" continued he, elevating his hands, erecting his shoulders, and squeezing his face, filled with self-conceit, into an ironical look of sadness; "O no, to be sure, they never talk of me at all. Poor Supple is quite forgot among the girls, is he not?" Elliot disliking the familiar manner in which he spoke of a family so much superior to him in rank, replied, "that he was sure he could not be forgotten by them; but that, indeed, he had never heard them mention his name since he had seen him there."—"What! not mention my name!" answered Supple, with a look that denoted disappointment and some distrust, as imagining that Elliot had from envy suppressed the truth. "Well, it may be that they did not," continued he

he gravely, after having stopped to think for some time; "but, indeed, my friend, you are exceedingly inattentive in company; and pray will you forgive me, if I beg of you to correct that dry manner that you sometimes have of speaking? I protest to you most solemnly, that I only mention it to you for your own good; but you know that it is apt to make enemies of many people, who would imagine it to proceed from envy or ill nature."

Elliot thanked him very gravely for his advice, which he could distinguish very well to be the retort of wounded conceit, and not the admonition of a friend; and telling him that he was in a hurry, was going to wish him a good morning; when Supple taking him by the sleeve, "I am going to lay myself under an obligation to you," said he in the solemnest tone in the world, "and believe me, that there is no man in the college to whom I would
do

do the same favour, but yourself. You must know, my dear boy, I have been confoundedly extravagant of late; there is a little milliner in this town, who has got near a hundred pounds of my money as a purchase for her person; for though I am much in love, it is very hard for a young man to restrain his passions; can you therefore lend me thirty pounds? Elliot, who had but forty pounds of his allowance now remaining, stopped to consider of it a little; but recollecting that poor Supple might be reduced to great streights, and that he could suffer no inconvenience from his generosity, as he was going to his father's, where if he wanted money, he should perhaps get it from him, or could borrow it from Doctor Enfor; he put a bank note into his hands for thirty pounds. Supple having adjusted this point, would have entertained his companion with a panegyric on Reynel, and his great intimacy with him. This

was

was a subject not very agreeable to our adventurer ; and he parted with Supple, leaving the latter more vexed with him for his dry behaviour in the beginning of their conversation, than for the obligation he had at last conferred on him. So universal and absolute is the power of vanity, that we often prefer a hollow sacrifice made to it, to a solid one performed to our interest. It prevails in every stage of life ; even among the aged ; and perhaps with the very board of aldermen, you would strip gain of much of its pleasure, were you to take from it the vanity of having out-witted another.

Our hero was fated to meet with another delay before he could set out for Castlemont ; for, as he was returning to his lodgings, he saw Filmer walking before him, and ran after him to shake him by the hand. The other appeared glad to see him, but seemed willing to hide a bundle he had got

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under his arm. Elliot, who did not see it, told him, that though he was in a hurry, he would be glad to chat with him; adding, that he had not seen him this long time. The other began to excuse himself, from want of time; but Elliot in a free way gave him a pull, telling him that he must come along with him, and that his business might very well keep cold for a moment. The sudden jerk made the bundle fall from under his coat, and it appeared to be a suit of clothes. Filmer gathered them up in confusion, somewhat angry at the freedom his friend had taken with him, on account of the ill consequences which followed from it. As for Elliot, he knew not what to do; he felt for the situation of his friend, and would, if he could, have pretended not to have seen what had happened. But as this was impossible, he said to him, "I wonder, my dear fellow, that you would be at the trouble of carrying
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ing these things, when you know that my servant has little to do. Come along with me to my lodgings, and he shall carry them where you please." Having said this, he carried part of them himself, to relieve the awkward feelings of his friend; who confessed to him, when he had got into his rooms, that he was going with them to the pawn-broker's. Elliot was shocked, and expressed his uneasiness at his distress; for which poor Filmer accounted, by saying that he had lent half his income to a friend, whom he did not care to ask for it at present, as he knew that it would not be perfectly convenient to him to pay it; and the remainder he had spent in experiments to find out the longitude, and maintaining a fellow who had told him that he had almost discovered it; but that he had the satisfaction, at least, of proving by his loss, the man an impostor, and the thing impossible.

Elliot felt for the over-eagerness of his friend, which led him into schemes, without permitting him to examine their feasibility. He reflected with regret, that he himself had given all his money to two objects not so deserving as Filmer. One of them, though under his protection, he could have supported for half the sum he gave her, had he been prudent; and the other having spent his money in debauchery, was not as well entitled to his assistance, as he who had lost his through the fault of his temper, and in pursuing what he imagined to be profitable, and which certainly was not vicious. In these reflections he wronged Supple a little, who did not want the money on account of any milliner, but to buy such clothes as would enable him to make an appearance at Castlemont. This, his own income would not afford; and he invented the story of the milliner, merely for the purpose of raising

raising himself in the opinion of Elliot. It is true, he had already lent his friend the like sum, under the name of a Jew; but then he wanted both; and he resolved to borrow first, before he demanded the other, as, by the intervention of the law, he was sure of the latter afterwards, while he had goods, chattels, or credit; but knew, that if he sent to him for it at first, he might put it out of his power to lend any. Stephen telling Filmer of his meeting Supple, took out what remained in his pocket, and divided it with him. At the same time he ordered his man to carry back his friend's clothes, and to follow him immediately to Castlemont;—for which place he instantly took horse, after having bade farewell to Filmer, whom he left full of regard for him, on account of his friendly assistance.

C H A P. IX.

WHEN Elliot arrived at Lord Moreton's, he found Mr. Reynel only preparing then to go away. He was not a little chagrined at the length of his visit, as he wished to enjoy the company of the ladies without interruption. Both were rejoiced to see him return; but Lady Adelaide's countenance shewed that she was more pleased with his arrival than if he had been an ordinary visitor. She asked him, "Why he had run away so suddenly the day before yesterday, without saying a word to any body?" Elliot made but a poor excuse; for the good spirits of Lady Adelaide, and the presence of Reynel, raised such suspicions in his mind, that he was master of his reflection on no other subject. "What," continued the Lady, "Mr.

“ Mr. Elliot, no compliments on the return of my spirits, after my fright ? But now I think of it, you are an enemy to compliments, and indeed so am I too.” To this her lover answered nothing. He perversely attributed her joy to the company of his rival. The sense, how much more Reynel was entitled by fortune to the hand of his mistress, and the idea that he was leaving him to prosecute his suit while he must be absent, left a weight on his mind which he could not remove.—

Reynel, on the contrary, had much better grounds for guessing at the real cause of the sudden elevation of Lady Adelaide's spirits ; and had he not already ordered his carriage, he would, in all probability, have been tempted to stay until the departure of Mr. Elliot. The gentlemen, agitated by such thoughts, kept a most obstinate silence towards each other. The conversation was therefore kept up awkwardly

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enough,

enough, by the ladies addressing themselves sometimes to one of the gentlemen and sometimes to the other.

Lady Frances, who was addicted to superstition, by way of amusing our adventurer, expressed her surprise at not having received any letters to-day, although she had seen several coming to her in the candle last night. She however comforted herself that they were from a distant friend, and therefore had not time to reach her as yet. She related the number of marriages she expected to take place, and exaggerated the quick succession of deaths, which she was sure must happen in the family, from the rings and winding-sheets she had observed in that fruitful source of omens a wax-taper. Stephen felt the utmost uneasiness at this discourse ; but he knew not how to get rid of it ; and he could only answer her with a yes or no, or a nod of assent, which were not always properly placed.

At

At length Reynel arose and took his leave; and Lady Frances going to prepare herself for taking a walk, Elliot was left alone with his mistress.—

This was an opportunity he was but ill-calculated to take advantage of, although he was sensible that Reynel was paying his addresses to Lady Adelaide; and that for himself to succeed, it was necessary, at all events, that he should declare his love: but he was so much weighed down and oppressed with his fancied discovery, that her affections were already placed on his rival, and with high notions of respect for her, that he was unable to commence a discourse, on which he knew that all his earthly happiness depended. Lady Adelaide observed the gloom which the distraction of his thoughts had spread over his countenance; and taking notice of his silence, she affected a gay manner, although her heart sympathised with his in secret. “Mr. El-

liot," said she, "what can be the matter with you? You don't seem alive to-day; come, let me play you one of your favourite tunes to recover your spirits." Elliot bowed assent; down she sat to the harpsichord, and played a lively air for him. His soul was not in unison with it; and turning over one of her music-books, he pointed out a song to her, which he begged her to play and accompany with her voice. It was slow and plaintive; and the words accorded so justly with the mournful melody of the tune, that the tear stood in the eye of Elliot, as she sang the complaints of an unfortunate lover. There is a something in music which always subdues the sternness of grief, which, with a wonderful force, peculiarly thrills our frame, as well as it affects our mind; and the human voice, of all things which have a musical virtue, best communicates this sympathy. We are not to wonder, therefore, that

poor

poor Stephen felt an extraordinary agitation when he heard sentiments, every one of which his heart re-echoed, quickened by the impassioned power of music, and perfected by the seraphic voice of the girl he adored; who, we know not how it happened, seemed to sing the song at that time, with a peculiarly plaintive expression.

When Lady Adelaide had finished the song, she turned short upon poor Elliot, whose face pictured the distress and emotions he experienced. She asked him, with a voice which betrayed her concern, if he was ill, or why he appeared so sad? Elliot replied with a sigh, that he was not ill. "Come, Mr. Elliot," returned she, with a solicitude which precluded reflection, "if any thing preys upon your mind, and it is proper that I should know it, tell it me; I am sure I sincerely wish that it may be in my power to remove it." The lovely girl felt, that in the gene-

rous candour of her heart she had said too much. She blushed the loveliest hue in nature ; and wishing to be relieved from her present situation, she said with some precipitation, " I believe my sister has forgotten that I promised to walk with her ; you shall be of our party, and I will run for her—indeed she must help me to restore your usual vivacity." This was an opportunity our adventurer was unable to resist ; indeed every thing seemed to have conspired to wring a confession from his heart : and as she was going out of the room, he caught hold of her hand, and requested her to stay but for a moment. " You desire me, Lady Adelaide," said he, " to tell you, what is preying on my mind ; I must obey you, though I fear it will destroy me. Pardon the presumption of one who loves you beyond life, and yet knows he is no way worthy of you. I cannot plead for favour, I dare not aspire to your
love ;

love ; but do not drive me to madness by pronouncing the fatal sentence of my eternal misery. Alas ! the torments of my present situation are too great to bear !" He then threw himself upon his knee, and pressing her hand with his lips, endeavoured to move her pity, by dwelling on his misfortunes. His beauteous mistress stood all this time with her face averted, and trembling with confusion at the suddenness of his declaration, which she seemed to have brought on herself. " Rise, I beg you, Mr. Elliot," said she ; " indeed I cannot stay to answer you now—we shall be seen." " Only assure me that you do not hate and despise me for my madness ; that that averted look is not the signal of my ruin," cried Elliot, almost overwhelmed with the anxiety of passion. " The person who has saved my own, and my father's life, can I be so ungrateful as to hate him !" replied she in a faltering voice, ready to
sink

sink with the novelty of a situation, for which she had not been prepared, and where she was afraid that her heart might, in its surprise, confess more than prudence ought to allow. Again she begged of Elliot to let go her hand and rise; which he did at length, saying, as she hurried out of the room, "Most perfect of women! I dare not think—I know not what I wish."—Elliot felt himself not in the least relieved by this declaration of his love; the fatal secret had now escaped his lips; he would have recalled it, but it was impossible, and he was to abide her sentence. He had not sufficient resolution to wait for this at the present moment; he felt that his mind was too violently agitated to be able to conceal its emotions; and, taking his horse without daring to trust himself to walk with her and Lady Frances, as they had agreed, he departed for Rosemont.

Lady

Lady Adelaide had left the room, after she had heard Elliot declare his passion for her, with a mixture of delight and uneasiness. She reflected that she was beloved by the man whom she admired; but her delicate mind suggested to her, that she had accelerated his disclosing his affection, by an unguarded expression of hers. This idea, that she had appeared in the light which of all others she wished she should not to Elliot, and which indeed was the most foreign from the gentle modesty of her soul, molested her for some time very much. But she recollected with pleasure the amiable disposition of her lover, and how slow he was to lay a harsh colouring on the actions of any one; and she cheered herself with the hope, that he would be much less inclined to do so, in the case of her he loved. This good opinion of him soothed her again into forgiveness of herself, and made her believe,

lieve, that he would look upon the declaration of her anxiety in the light it really deserved, as a friendly condolance for the sorrow she saw him manifest, and the cause of which she was really ignorant of. The heart of Elliot presented far different ideas to him, as he rode disconsolately on towards Rosemont. He revolved in his mind every thing that had passed in his last conversation with Lady Adelaide. His terror of being unhappy, made him display and magnify every serious look or dubious expression which she had made use of; while the same cause made him either forget or overlook every circumstance, which he might reasonably have considered in mitigation of his apprehensions.— Such was the state of his mind when he arrived late at night at his father's. Both he and his mother received him with joy, although the latter shewed that her mind was not perfectly at ease;

ease; and she remarked to Stephen, as he sat at supper, that he was grown pale and emaciated, and that he shewed an absence in conversation, which indicated that his mind was not so free from care, as that of so young a man ought to be.

Old Mr. Elliot was afflicted with a disorder, which may be well called a tendency to perpetual motion; a sort of inability to stay long in one place, with which disease Alexander the Great seems also to have been much troubled. But that of Mr. Elliot was of a more pure kind; for he was really fond of changing place, merely for the sake of changing it, while it is dubious if the illustrious Macedonian had not some other motives for hastening over the globe as he did. At least, if he had not, philosophers and politicians have purely out of compassion and a regard to the happiness of mankind, that they might excite others to the same

same course, been kind enough to assign him very cogent ones. It is a sort of childish restlessness which possesses all infants; and I remember that, when I myself felt it, my father used to say, that I had got a bee in a certain part, which, as I always please myself with the hope that I am addressing myself to the fair sex, I shall out of delicacy forbear to mention. This malady had possessed our hero's father so violently in his youth, that he used to change his house almost every six months, to the infinite destruction of furniture and detriment of his fortune. After the birth of his son, his mansionary revolutions became slower, and in a lesser circle; and he was contented to have lived in turns on every tolerable-looking house on his own estate. Of late he had contented himself with remaining in his own house at Rosemont, which he always kept in his hands. But this
same

same bee that possessed him, still drove him from one room to another : the drawing rooms, the parlours, the bed-chambers, nay, even the pantries, have at different times been honoured with the title of their master's room ; that is, the room in which he used to retire after dinner, sometimes to tumble over a book without retaining a syllable of it, and sometimes for the more beneficial employment of sleeping away indigestion. The poor chairs and tables, in the same manner, never got a moment's rest ; like the furniture of itinerant players, they were more abused by their travel than their use. Whole hours would he spend in inspecting the sweeping of a room, or determining the weighty point of the situation of a table ; which when he had settled, he would shake his head with as much self-exultation, as if he had discovered the longitude ; although, perhaps, it was not permitted to

to remain in the position, which thus afforded so much triumph, for two days. His wife permitted this disturbance of her domestic œconomy with great patience; although, indeed, she might well have cried out at such acts of high treason against that absolute power, which every mistress of a family ought to have over the internal regulation of her own house. A fit of moving had seized this whimsical gentleman, the morning after his son's arrival; so that when he had called him into a private room, on purpose to communicate the important business on which he had sent for him, he left him there to amuse himself, either with cleaning his nails, or kicking his heels, or any other amusement for which gentlemen who are not used to think are very famous. As this, however, was not the case of Stephen, who had full enough to occupy his mind, and who was so lost

in thought, that two hours appeared no more than two minutes, we shall take the liberty to leave the father and son both so well entertained ; the one with the removal of his furniture and the management of a sweeping-brush, which he used sometimes to wield himself, and the other to his love reveries, and acquaint the reader with the motives of young Elliot's having been thus recalled.

Old Mr. Elliot, by these frequent removes of his, by his want of œconomy, and precipitately adopting any scheme for growing rich, which recurred to him, however improbable in its nature, had impaired his fortune very much, and involved himself considerably in debt. This made it necessary for him to retrench, but as he could not resolve to subdue, and indeed was unable to master, his own darling follies, his son appeared to him the incumbrance most easily gotten rid

rid of. Not that he wanted some share of good nature, and did not really love his son; but he thought it fair that his son should be put to freights sooner than himself, never considering how great the difference of those freights might be. He had besides this heard of the widow Marchmont's affection for him; and as she had a fine fortune, he wished that he should be married to her. He had no notion of any means but violent ones for executing whatever he thus planned; and he determined, that thus putting his son in danger of poverty, would make him speed the match, if he had a mind to it, and if not, would force him into it through want. He never considered the impropriety, and indeed inhumanity, of such a scheme; for it was his misfortune, that he could alone see that side of the question which first presented itself to him, and no argument, even so much as once

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in his life, ever struck him on the contrary side to that which he thus partially took. As he had now, therefore, worked himself up into the belief of the justness of his resolution, to it he resolved to adhere.

With these sentiments, after having spent about two hours in what he called regulating his house, he came into the room where Stephen Elliot was, and addressed him as follows :
“ I have always, my dear son, endeavoured to promote your welfare. I have laboured and toiled assiduously and constantly to grow rich for your sake, and I am sure that no one can accuse me of spending much on myself. I have kept my accounts regularly, and accumulated a treasure of experience, but this is all I have acquired ; for I know not how it has happened, I have gone backwards in the world, while many not half so careful as I have gotten before me ;
and

and to nothing can I attribute this, but the extravagance of your mother and my own ill fortune." Stephen looked amazed at this unjust accusation of his mother; but he knew enough of his father to see how useless it would be to contradict him. "You know, Stephen," continued he, "that I have spared no pains nor cost on your education; and if you have not profited by it, the fault by no means lies with me. But to come to the point, it is necessary that I should lay up part of my income to pay off those debts which I have contracted on your account. You are now the heaviest weight on me that I have; it is time, therefore, that you ease your mother and me from the burthen of providing for you, and endeavour to maintain yourself. You are young and handsome; what, therefore, do you think of marrying? There is the widow Marchmont, how do you like her?

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she is handsome, is fond of you, very rich; and if fame says true (for you have never thought it worth your while to trust your father), you are very fond of her. I think, therefore, that you cannot do a better thing, than to take my blessing, and, if she be willing, to marry her to morrow night."

Our hero was by no means one of those fashionable-hearted young men, who look for money with a wife, and love with a mistress. He always detested the idea of thus selling himself for affluence; but to marry the widow Marchmont, and that when he was so much in love with another, made him listen to the proposal with additional horror. He therefore respectfully acquainted his father, that he could not think of marrying, where his heart was not engaged. The altercation now became warm; the son talked much of his feelings, and the father

of hot-headed, giddy young men, who knew not when they might be happy. Stephen, however, continued firm to his resolution; and the father said, "Well, Sir, I see that you persist in your refusal, merely for the sake of opposing me. I certainly do not think that I have a right to force you to marry contrary to your inclinations; but must tell you, that I am unable to support you any longer. You must, therefore, expect no more money from me than what you have already received; but I shall give you a letter to Lord Sternhold, your mother's uncle; who, I dare say, when you go to see him in London, will get you some employment. He can, at least, put you as a midshipman aboard a ship of war, if you choose to quit the college; but as to that, as you seem so well able to direct yourself, I shall not advise you."—It was a dreadful stroke to poor Stephen, that his father should

should so unexpectedly turn him out to shift for himself when he was so young ; and at the same time mention his going aboard a ship, or staying at college without money to support him, with what he considered to be a most unfeeling coolness. He represented to him, " the impossibility there was of his succeeding in life, if he went into the world half educated. That by breeding him up, as he had done, he had raised expectations in him, which would torment him in a lower sphere of life. What business has any man with a refined education, who must live destitute of every enjoyment it taught him to prize, and in contradiction to every feeling it forced him to encourage ? Besides too, my dear father, to give me no notice of this resolution, to let it come on me so suddenly, was very severe. I have now no money ; for, as I could not foresee what has happened, I could

not provide against it, by saving out of the sum given me as a support for a stated time, which is now just elapsed. I hope, therefore, Sir, that you will change your resolution, and permit me to remain in the college for another year. I do not ask that you should allow me as handsome a stipend as you have done; I only require what may be sufficient to maintain me; or, if this be impossible, that I may at least hope some supply, until I am enabled to get bread by my industry."—"Sir," replied the father, "I have told you what I am resolved to do; and press me no farther, for nothing shall make me waver in my resolutions. You talk like an ungrateful young man, to blame me, because I have hitherto given you the best education in my power, and cannot without my ruin continue it to you. I believe that all you want is to reduce your poor mother and me to necessity ere we die;

die ; and as to notice of this resolution of mine, I could not give it to you before I entertained it, which was not until the day I wrote to you. Therefore, if you have improvidently spent your money, blame no one but yourself."—" Indeed, Sir," replied Stephen, "you have unfortunately for me, shown a great want of foresight into your own affairs on this occasion."

"What! talk to me, Sir, of want of foresight!" replied his father: "how dare you pretend to teach your father? Be assured, Sir, that this is not the way to make me alter my resolution; and if you say any thing more on the subject, I shall resolve never to see your face again." Stephen was much hurt at this unfeeling disposition and intemperate vanity of his father: he was cut to the soul, when he considered that he had reason on his side, that his whole interest was at stake, and that his father would not even listen to

what he urged with patience. He quitted the room, lamenting his hard fate; principally, indeed, on account of his lovely Adelaide, as he was by this sudden resolution to be entirely deprived of her company. For, as a man obliged to seek a precarious subsistence, he could not think of paying his addresses to her, he could not hope that she would listen to them; and his want of money would soon even put it out of his power to appear before her in the dress of a gentleman. As he went out, he met his mother, who reading his emotions in his looks, asked him the cause. When he had satisfied her, "My dear child," said she, "I have known that your father has managed his affairs so badly, that they must be embarrassed; but I could never suppose that they were so involved, that he could not afford to educate you completely. This is, I suppose, a sudden resolution of his, dictated

dictated by some present emergency, of which he will repent as soon as the difficulty is over. It would be vain to contend with him now; for he is as passionate as he is good-natured; and indeed I think it will be of advantage to you, to go and see Lord Sternhold, who is a near relation of yours, and has no children." "Alas! Madam," replied Stephen, "if it be resolved that I must go, I shall comply; but the indifferent, unconcerned manner in which my father talked of turning me out (for I can call it nothing else), has stung me to the soul." "My dear child," replied his sensible mother, "there are some people peculiarly unfortunate in their manner, and your father is one of them. A favour from him, comes forth divested of those nicer qualities and graces, which conciliate the soul and engage the gratitude of the receiver. He is never at the pains not to hurt where he cannot

serve, and is in general unable to shew that fullness of benevolence which is really working at his heart. Think not, therefore, that your father is unfeeling, but receive his blessing and mine, and go to your uncle: indeed I wish that I could give you what would bear your expences up to London, but your father cannot afford me any money." Here this worthy matron and affectionate mother turned about her head, that her son might not observe the trickling tear; for her soul was wrung with the sense of the situation he was forced into, although in tenderness to her husband she endeavoured to conceal what she felt. Elliot acquiesced in what he could not alter, with as good a grace as he could; and, having received literally the blessing of his father and mother, the last of whom was unable to support their parting, and a letter to Lord Sternhold, he departed from Rosemont. Thus was
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our adventurer turned out to provide for himself, by the inconsiderate extravagance of his father, and his wild scheme of endeavouring to force him into a marriage, to which he was not perfectly sure that even the lady would consent. As soon as he had quitted the house he rode towards his tutor's, Doctor Enfor. He passed by the widow Marchmont's; but the consideration, that she had been the remote cause of his being cast unprovided on the world, and the delicacy arising from his sense of having now become the servant of another, would not let him stop there. When he arrived at Courville, he found Doctor Enfor engaged in composing a difference between two of his neighbours—a thing by no means easy; for Englishmen seem to have a natural love for law, though it generally happens that the successful party loses more than the value of the thing contested. He had, however, the address.

to reconcile them, by persuading each to concede something; and they went away well satisfied with his decision. This good man embraced Elliot with a fervour peculiar to himself, as indeed he did every time that he came to see him; for Stephen had visited him often; though, as nothing passed at these interviews very interesting, I have not thought them worthy of being recorded in this history. When Elliot had communicated to him the distressed situation he was in; "Why, my child," said Enfor (this being the appellation he usually distinguished him by), "I cannot think that your father has acted right; I shall endeavour to persuade him to grant you a suitable maintenance, and, in the mean time, as far as my purse will hold out, you shall not want. But tell me, Stephen, why you have not called to see me as usual some time past? And how does it happen

pen that you look so thin, and sigh so often? Ah, Elliot, I am afraid that it is not reading which has caused this change; nor do you sigh alone for the diminution of your fortune." Stephen looked confused at these conjectures of his Mentor. This was one of the few secrets he had concealed from him; for, the older he grew, the more necessity he found for hiding some of his actions, even from the friendly eye of Enfor. The latter perceived his confusion, and pressed him to tell the cause so earnestly, that Elliot could contain the secret no longer, but disclosed his affection for Lady Adelaide:—"protesting that nothing had kindled it but an admiration of her mind and person; that even if it were in his power, he would sooner die than marry her, as he knew that her superior fortune and perfections entitled her to the noblest match in the kingdom." Doctor Enfor heard this declaration with sorrow.

He knew the force of love on the youthful bosom, and what ravages an unsuccessful passion makes on the vigour of the mind and body; and he reflected, with pity to human nature, that it is the noblest minds which are most subject to this malady. Having paused for some time, he spoke thus:

“ I am convinced that you are incapable of thinking of any girl, merely from the mercenary consideration of fortune; and your looks tell the story of your love, in faithful confirmation of what you have spoken. I regret extremely that you did not inform me of this affair while it was in the bud, that I might then have destroyed what it will now cost you much pains to overcome. I know, however, that your good sense and good principles will enable you to get this victory over yourself. Consider with what consequences your indulging in this extravagant passion is pregnant. Lady
Adelaide

Adelaide Moreton has a fortune infinitely, superior to yours ; and women are not apt now-a-day to give it, except for an equivalent : you therefore nurse an hopeless passion, which will make you waste away your time, and render your mind helpless. Then, if the affair should come to be known, (and what chance is there of its being concealed) ? you would be stigmatised as a man who was a hypocrite for wealth, and pretended love for a lady, when its object was money. For riches are esteemed by the present age, to have too many charms not to dim the splendor of beauty ; and it would be deemed unnatural and impossible, for a poor man to prefer the blessings of nature to the goods of fortune. Supposing, on the other hand, that your love should be successful, see what must be the effect of it. Your father and hers may live many years ; and the one is unable, and the other would be unwilling, to allow

allow you any support. You would thus then reduce the girl you love, from a state of superb opulence and luxurious convenience, to one which your utmost exertions could scarcely render decent. Love is but a temporary passion; and though Lady Adelaide might, for a time, forget her state in the delusions of passion, yet, when these would flit away, she would sigh for that consequence, that equipage, and that delicacy of living, which custom had, from her infancy, made her think her right from nature. Think, my Elliot, how every dream of happiness must vanish, when you viewed the partner of your soul sighing for superfluities, which education had made essential to her ease. Or how much more wretched you must be, if you beheld her with more than manly fortitude, bearing up against the wants and hardships incident to fallen greatness; and

and striving to conceal from you those ills she could not but feel. Consider, also, that you have come into the house of a man, who has received you with friendship and hospitality; who has veiled that stateliness and dignity, to which the custom of the world entitled him, to become familiar with you: that he relied on your honour, and gave you numberless opportunities with his daughter, which he thought you were incapable of abusing; and that, in requital of his favours and his confidence, you would steal away his child, whom, if he be a man, he must prize more than his property, and blast every scheme, which it has, perhaps, been the work of his life to form, in order to promote her happiness, and the further exaltation of his family. No, my dear Stephen, it is a duty which you owe to Lord Moreton, to yourself, and to Lady Adelaide, that you should think no more of her."

"O,

“O, Sir,” interrupted Elliot, “that is impossible! Think of her! I must ever think of her—her idea is entwined with my life; but your reasons have given additional strength to my resolution of quitting the fascination of her company. Yet, if I should go there,” said he with a sigh, “there is no danger on her account; for how could I ever engage her love?” “I am glad,” replied his monitor, “that you have resolved to see her no more. This is the first step towards freeing yourself from the entanglements of passion; promise me, therefore, that you will never go again into her presence.”—

“No, Sir,” answered Elliot, “that I can never do. What, to deprive myself of a parting gaze! to think that I have already seen her for the last time! to leave reflection nothing to feed upon! I cannot, indeed I cannot do it! Is it not misery more than was meant for

for mortal, that I should be obliged to give her up for ever? and do you wish to deprive me even of a momentary happiness, that I may but for a poor once fill my soul with dwelling on her beauteous form?" "These transports," replied Enfor, "shew how necessary it is for you to comply with what I demand; you are not master of yourself, and you may do something which will betray your weakness." In vain did he urge this; Stephen was obstinate, and the Doctor, knowing how great the struggle was, gave over importuning him, content in obtaining his promise, that he would proceed to London in a week, or ten days at furthest. Stephen staid two days at Courville, as he knew that it would be the last opportunity he should have, of seeing the guide of his youth, for a long time; and he consulted him how he should conduct himself in the capital,

tal, in order to ensure his support.— Enfor told him, that this entirely depended upon the conduct of Lord Sternhold towards him ; but that London was a place in which no one but the idle and self-willed can want bread. “ The only advice, therefore, that I can give, until I hear from you what your particular department in life is to be, is, that you preserve your virtuous principles, and make yourself fond of whatever profession you are thrown into ; for thus you will be animated to a studious perseverance, which must ensure you success.” When our adventurer was going away, his good friend could scarcely refrain from tears at his separation, and he put a note for a hundred pounds into his hand. This, Elliot would have refused ; which when the other perceived, he cried with emotion, “ What, am I not your father ?” His pupil could say nothing to this interrogation ; but putting up the
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the note, retired quite full out of the room, and immediately afterwards, mounting his horse, he turned his head toward Castlemont.

C H A P. X.

ELLIOT, as he went along, considered the greatest bitterness of separation still remained; he had parted from his parents, he had bid adieu to his friend; but what was the affliction incident to the tearing of those ties of fondness, when compared with that of quitting his mistress! Although reason urged that he should go, he could hardly resolve to continue steadfast in the severe promise he had made Doctor Enfor. To think of parting with her even in theory, and that he himself should be the origin of a lasting separation, were reflections, the weight of
of

of which he could not support. Sometimes he flattered himself that she might love him, but in the moment after, it struck him as impossible; so that, vibrating between hope and fear, he could not bring himself to form any resolution whatever.. Had Elliot known what had passed at Castlemont since he left it, he would have felt much more uneasy, and on a far different account. Reynel had determined to have Stephen's love for Lady Adelaide communicated to her father immediately. He pretended to Lord Hanbury, that he wished this only out of regard to Lord Moreton, and the honour of the family, to which he was so nearly related; and he endeavoured to inflame his pride to the discovery, by dwelling on the disgrace it would be to him, if he married Lady Frances, and Elliot should become his brother-in-law. All these considerations, however, were insufficient to make this
young

young lord endanger his safety, by talking of a person who he was sure would resent it; and of whom he had acquired an habitual awe, notwithstanding the difference of their fortunes, from the superior dignity of manner in the latter, and that perfect excellence and proportion of understanding and figure, which is nature's patent of true nobility. The insidious Reynel was therefore obliged to apply himself to the less noble but more useful instrument, Mr. Timothy Supple. Notwithstanding the favours Elliot had conferred on him, and the friendship they professed for each other, Reynel found it an easy task to persuade him to undertake this piece of treachery. The fortune, the interest, and the condescension of Reynel, were the powerful considerations, which worked upon his avarice and his vanity, thus to betray his friend; to which it may indeed be also added, that he hated

hated him not a little in private, on no other account, except that very common one, that he saw every body loved him better than they did himself. Reynel needed not to have alleged any motives to persuade this sycophant to a compliance ; but as he did not wish to display his whole heart to him, and thus put himself more in his power than was absolutely requisite for his own convenience, he dwelt more upon his necessary interference on account of his relationship to the family, than he had done to Lord Hanbury ; he mentioned Elliot's narrow fortune ; and forged circumstances to depreciate his character, some of which he took care should shew, that he likewise entertained the highest contempt for Supple. Supple being thus prepared, took occasion soon after to draw Lord Moreton aside ; and, prefacing his tale with professions of great regard for Elliot, and his unwillingness to do any thing

thing which might eventually injure his friend, added that, notwithstanding his strict love for his friend, nothing should deter him from doing what he thought justice required, especially when gratitude for the kind treatment he had received from his Lordship, also compelled him to the discovery. Here, having obtained the nobleman's promise of secrecy with regard to the author, he told him, that Elliot had confessed to him his love for Lady Adelaide, and his intention to persuade her, if possible, to run away with him, as he knew that his Lordship would never consent to his marrying her.— His Lordship heard this news with great astonishment ; he had considered that their rank and fortune had placed his daughters so much above Elliot, that he would scarce have been daring enough to look toward them ; and that the same considerations would raise a fence of pride and coldness about the hearts

hearts of his daughters, sufficient to defend them from his attractions and attentions. So natural is it to imagine, that the artificial distinctions of society have a greater power over others than ourselves; and that they may divest them of all the essential feelings of human nature, though we feel that somehow or other they are unable to exempt ourselves from them.

Lord Moreton, after supper, when he and Reynel were sitting alone together, communicated this intelligence to him, asking him what was to be done? The latter received it with the greatest affectation of surprise, he even seemed to doubt it at first; but on reflection, he became again inclined to believe it, as he pretended to recollect several circumstances which assured him, that Elliot must entertain a passion for Lady Adelaide. He inveighed against his ingratitude and impudence, for seeking thus to despoil of his daughter,

ter, a nobleman who had behaved with the utmost kindness to him; and for thinking of a lady, for whom a man of ten times his fortune, and on other accounts infinitely better entitled to an alliance with her, was, from a sense of his unworthiness, obliged to stifle the most ardent of passions. The result of this consultation was, that Stephen was to be forbidden the house by one of them; and her father next morning communicated to Lady Adelaide the presumption of Elliot, with strict injunctions, as she valued his favour, never to hold any further communication with him. Luckily for Lady Adelaide, he had spoken to her when alone, and something called him out of the room immediately afterward; so that he had no time to observe the emotions, which made themselves but too manifest, on her receiving this information. Such were the resolutions which had been taken to deprive El-

liot of seeing his lovely Adelaide for ever, the day before he arrived at Castlemont. When he arrived there, he found that Lady Moreton and her eldest daughter were out visiting, according to the usual fashionable method of mispending a morning. The gentlemen, not expecting Elliot that day, were luckily out also; so that Stephen entered the room where the family usually sat, without molestation, and there found Lady Adelaide, who had staid at home, being ill of an head-ach, sitting pensively on the sofa, with her eyes red, as if she had been in tears. The situation of these lovers was extremely perplexing; Lady Adelaide, afraid her father might come in, and terrified at the consequences of his finding them together, yet sensible that she could not with delicacy inform Elliot, that he was banished Castlemont for loving her, when he had but once introduced that subject to her;—perhaps,

haps, too, she was a little unwilling to leave her lover in that state of distraction and uncertainty, in which he had last departed from her. Stephen, on the other hand, perceived her melancholy; he construed it into reserve towards a man, who had told her that he loved her, and whom she was resolved not to love in return. Willing, at least, to gain her pardon, he considered what arguments he should make use of, to procure it; and thus continued a silence, which he found more difficult to get over, as it grew more awkward, and gave him longer time to reflect on the importance of what he was going to say. At length, lifting up his eyes from the ground, he said, " May I hope, Lady Adelaide, that my rash declaration of my passion, has not totally banished me from your esteem; and that your gentle bosom, in compassion to my sufferings, is not determined to embitter my unsuccessful love, with the

addition of your hatred? A passion like mine, Lady Adelaide, is not to be mastered by common restraints."

While Elliot was speaking thus, Lady Adelaide did not dare to lift up her eyes; and she spoke nothing, though he seemed to pause for her reply. "I know," continued he, "I cannot hope any thing—I am not entitled—I am not deserving your love. I do not, I think, wish it; so much do I prize your happiness above mine own; but when I last left you, I was afraid that you were displeased with me. May I hope that this silence is not a confirming token of your resentment? Forgiveness is all that one who is going to banish himself from your presence forever, dare solicit." Lady Adelaide understood this, as alluding to her father's resolution of forbidding him the house; and, perhaps, the consideration of this insult, offered to him for loving her, made her feel more softness for him than

than she otherwise would. "This is a subject, Mr. Elliot, on which I must not listen to you ; I see you know my father's resolution ; and all that I can do is, to pity a passion I believe sincere, but which it would be against my duty to encourage." "And does my Adelaide pity me ?" cried Elliot, throwing himself on his knee, and taking her hand. "Such another kind expression, and I shall be transported to a heaven of madness ! O, Lady Adelaide ! could I hope that time, that any thing would make me cease to be indifferent to you ! May one who lives but in your presence, entertain the slightest, most distant expectations that he may not in time be disagreeable to you ?" "I see," replied Lady Adelaide, with an half smile, "that you are not to be satisfied ; you promised at first to be content with my forgiveness, and now, what do you ask ? Indeed,

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Mr.

Mr. Elliot, I wish you did not press me on this subject ; you know that my father is determined to forbid your coming here—but you know not how much' he has spoken to me. If he should come in now (and I dread his appearance every moment), what would he say ?” This was like a thunder stroke to poor Elliot. Although he knew that he must, at any rate, banish himself from the house, yet the idea that he was forbidden it, presented the same grief to him in a new light, and made him look upon it as a new calamity. “Some villain, Lady Adelaide,” cried he, “has, I am sensible, before now endeavoured to ruin me in your father's good opinion ; at last he has succeeded in making me completely wretched. But grant me, Heaven, that I may discover him ; and if he escape, I deserve to be wretched ! Thus to be exiled from your presence, never to see you again, it is too much to bear !

What,

What, what have I done, that the most bitter phial of Heaven's wrath should be poured out on my head?"—Sensible that he would in an instant have it no longer in his power to address her, he again pressed the subject of his suit. "I hope, Mr. Elliot," answered his mistress, "that I shall ever be above disguise, and ever be unwilling to trifle with the feelings of any gentleman. I have great obligations to you, for no less than my life; and were it possible that—but you know my father's love for wealth, and his determination against you—and it is impossible." Having made this half confession, she stopped; and her face suffused itself with blushes, to compose which, nature seemed to have stolen the roses of paradise. Elliot, who, the moment before he had spoken to her, would have given the world to be assured that she did not hate him, was not now to be contented, with what a

person, not so much in love as he was, would have construed into a confession of reciprocal affection; so little is the human mind to be satisfied with its present condition. He again bewailed his misery in being thus forced from her presence, without a possibility of seeing her once more. And here (a modern lover will, no doubt, think foolishly enough) he disclosed to her the situation of his affairs; and how he was in a manner driven to be dependent on a man he had never seen.—His gentle auditress sympathized in his distress, and endeavoured to cheer him, by placing his situation in the most agreeable point of view; but his heart would not admit of consolation. “But a few moments,” said he, “and I shall be deprived of the happiness of addressing you, perhaps, for ever! O, Lady Adelaide, forgive the fond concern of one, who in losing you loses more than his life. Before I leave you,

you, there is one thing which I cannot avoid mentioning. Mr. Reynel intends, I am sure, making proposals to your father for you: superior riches, and the commands of a father, may persuade you to be the bride of the man I hate, of a wretch, who is every way unworthy of you; do not marry him—I could bear to be miserable any way but that. Alas!” continued he, with a sigh, “had his fate been mine!” His mistress replied, that she believed and hoped he was mistaken. “But, if it will content you,” said she, “I promise you sincerely, that I never will be united to him: I never will marry without the consent of my parents; and I am sure they will, in return, indulge me with a refusal of any man I dislike.” This promise, as it removed all jealous suspicions, quite rejoiced her lover; who, although he was sensible that, if her father returned, he would expose himself to insult, and her to an-

ger, yet knew not how to tear himself away while his heart was full. For, notwithstanding the long conversation he had held with her, he felt as if he had said nothing; he forgot how the hours flew, and still hoped, that fortune would be so propitious, as to keep Lord Moreton away for a few minutes longer. In the fervid anxiety of passion, nothing was sufficient to assure him of reciprocal love, but an express declaration; and, unable to avoid it, he again introduced the subject of his passion, when the coming in of Mr. Reynel surprised them both. Nor was he less surprised or chagrined, at the appearance of Elliot, and the advantage he supposed that he had enjoyed, in having had a long interview with Lady Adelaide without interruption. As for the lady, her situation was very distressing; she knew that her father and Mr. Reynel had gone out together, she therefore expected him to come
into

into the room every instant; she dreaded the resentment which would be manifested towards her lover; she dreaded that which would fall on herself, on being found alone with him; and she was afraid to leave the gentlemen, who were thus together, by themselves. They did not seem very well pleased with each other; and she recollected the menaces which Elliot had thrown out against the discoverer of his love, whom she guessed to be no other than Reynel. Confused, and unknown what to do from terror, she quitted the room for an instant, under pretence of receiving her mother. Elliot wished to have followed her; but he could not bear the idea of thus quitting the room at the appearance of his haughty rival, and he resolved rather to brave the storm, as conscious of his innocence, than to skulk away, as if afraid, and, by his thief-like flight, seem to acknowledge his guilt. "I hope,

Sir," said Reynel, with a contemptuous smile, as soon as they were left alone together, "that I interrupted no business between you and Lady Adelaide Moreton." "You did not, Sir," answered Elliot, coolly. "If I should have been so unfortunate," replied the other, "as to have done so, I see that you are always luckily on the watch, to find a disengaged moment to speak to her." "You must explain yourself, Sir," answered our adventurer, "I do not understand you." "I mean, Sir," said Reynel, his lips quivering with passion, "that you have taken an ungenerous advantage of a nobleman's condescension and hospitality to you; and would trepan his daughter into a marriage, but that she has too much prudence to listen to you. Her father, Sir, is informed of it; and it is by his directions that I inform you, that he expects you will henceforward be a stranger

stranger to the house of the man you have thus ill used." This message confirmed all the suspicions of Elliot, and his spirit was instantly up in arms: "In any other house," cried he, "you dare not have made use of such language, for you know that no other would have protected you from immediate chastisement. It is you, who have insinuated lies into Lord Moreton's head; I am acquainted with your hypocrisy, and you shall be punished for having dared to draw off the mask so far as you have now done."

The ladies were now heard coming into the room; and Reynel, who wished for their interference, grew very loud and noisy in his reply, in hopes thus to obtain it; when Elliot going up to him, said, "Sir, if you be not a coward as well as a villain, hush this matter up now, and to-morrow morning I will send a gentleman either here to you, or wherever you shall

shall appoint." Scarce had he spoken these words, when the ladies and Lord Moreton came into the room. Having heard the voice of quarrelling, they had hastened to prevent mischief, and the discomposed looks and haughty demeanour of the gentlemen towards each other, evinced the state of their minds. Lord Moreton having asked what the matter was; "Nothing, Sir," replied Reynel, "except that this gentleman has thought proper to insult me for delivering a message from your Lordship to him." "My Lord," replied Elliot, "I would insult no man for bearing a message, if I did not know that he aggravated it out of malice, and a design to insult me; but as I cannot credit a word which comes from that gentleman, your Lordship, if you have any message to deliver to me, will, I hope, be so good as either to repeat it yourself, or send it to me by some one whom I can believe; I
care

care not, if it be one of your servants."

"Really, Sir," answered his Lordship,

"I think it very strange that you should thus continue to insult my relation in my house; and I must declare to you, that his message about your absenting yourself from this place came from me." "My Lord," replied Stephen,

"what I have heard, cannot prevent me from entertaining a respect for your Lordship, as I know that you are misinformed. I fear not, my Lord, but my conduct will be found governed by principles of honour, if your Lordship should ever be disposed impartially to scrutinise it; in this place I shall say no more." Having said this, he bowed to the ladies, and retired to get his horse; his bosom swelling with haughtiness of spirit, and yet sorry in the highest degree for this unlucky discovery which had estranged him from the Moreton family. The elder part of that family,
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though sensible that they were under some obligations to Elliot, yet thought them all more than cancelled, by his having had the impudence to fall in love with their daughter. While the younger, as is, to speak the truth, pretty generally the case, differed very much from their sentiments. They dreaded the consequences of the quarrel, and thought that Elliot had not been used as well as he deserved.

Lady Adelaide had no sooner left the room, in which Elliot and Reynel were, than she became sensible that a quarrel might ensue; terrified to the highest degree, she had hastened her mother and sister into the room, but could not venture in there herself. As soon as she had heard from her sister, what had past in her absence; she became greatly alarmed, lest she should become the theme of public conversation, and perhaps the prey of calumny, if a duel should be fought
apparently

apparently on her account. Nor is it unlikely, that she dreaded much more than this, that the consequences might be fatal to Elliot. She therefore sent out her maid to him, to tell him, that if he would remain near Castlemont, she would contrive to speak to him in the grove, on that evening. Elliot had ridden off; but his man Phelim, who, though a very good-natured fellow, never loved his friend half so well as he did over a cup of ale, was taking his leave of the servants, by pledging them in hearty quaffs to each others health, and speedy meeting. Mrs. Clarinda coming up to him with the message, wanted to draw him aside, telling him "that she had something to say to him."—"Have you, my jewel?" says he. "Why then, 'faith, you must moisten your tongue a little first, and 'twill come the glibber." Mrs. Clarinda, turning up her nose with great disdain," replied, "that it was impossible,

fible, for that really she never touched any thing except tea or chocolate before dinner." "Now, can't you my dear?" said he. "Why, then, 'faith, if you can't drink with me, I can't speak with you; so there's tit for tat." She was obliged to comply, and Phelim went along with her to receive her message. When he had heard it, he rubbed his hands for joy, "Ah! sweet-lips, give me a kiss, you jade. She's our own, and by my soul I promise you, by way of a reward for your being faithful, that I believe I'll take you myself, when my master marries her." The waiting maid, who would make a great deal more free with Phelim in private, than before the rest of the servants, where she thought it would interfere with her pretensions to gentility and respect, gave him a slight slap, and bid him be gone for an Irish booby: did he think that she'd have such as him? "By my soul," said

said he, giving her another hearty smack, "you love me better than your mistress's last cast off coat, and would leap into my arms from your garret." He then mounted his horse, and rode after his master.

When Phelim had overtaken his master, which was very soon; for Elliot, when once he had got out of the demesne of Castlemont, had ridden very slowly, he began to laugh and chuckle. "Brave news! 'faith, Sir!" cried he; "well, who would think that, simple as you sit there, you could be so clever? But you're a lucky man, and a very happy man too, so that I believe you came into the world with your wrong end foremost." Elliot understood these exclamations, at his good fortune, to be really intended by his man, as an attempt at being witty upon his misfortunes. And, as he was not at that time in a temper which would bear a joke, he was going
to.

to turn about to chastise him for his impertinent and ill-timed smartness, which was an affront that the thick-blooded Irishman would not have forgiven. Phelim, however, by ceasing his comments, luckily explained himself in sufficient time to prevent his disgrace. "Oh! Sir, be sure that you be in the grove when it is dark, and Lady Adelaide says that she will come to see you." "What's that you say?" cried Elliot impatiently. "Pooh, nothing at all, Sir, but a poor young lady that wants your honour to run away with her this evening by force, with her own consent, that's all." It was some time before Elliot could get the message exactly out of him, by dint of cross-examining; for Phelim, when any thing elated him, was very full of flourishes and exaggerations; and though a shrewd fellow, would often forget part of his message, by attending to something else while it
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it was delivering to him. Elliot, we may be sure, felt the utmost joy at this news, and he put up at a little inn within two miles of Lord Moreton's. Having left his horses there, he walked about with the greatest impatience, waiting for the evening. There Phelim informed him, "that Robin the butler had told him in the morning before all the servants (for I am beloved by them all, though I am an Irishman), that having observed Mr. Reynel and his Lord very busy talking, as if they did not wish that any body should hear them, he had left the door on a jar, that they might not have all the secret to themselves. That he then heard Reynel tell his Lord, how much he was in love with Lady Adelaide, and that Lord Moreton had said in reply, if he could gain his daughter's consent, that he should have his ; for, although he was not a match for her in point of fortune

tune, yet as he was his near relation, he would have no objection to such an union, as his fortune would thus go to one of his own family." Stephen heard this news with as much astonishment as if he had never expected that such a thing was more than probable, and if it had not been sometimes supposed by him to have already taken place. "I wanted but this stroke," cried he, "to make me completely wretched. A beggar in my fortune, an out-cast from my family, and an exile from my love; now all hope is going to be lost in the marriage of my Adelaide." His man, who saw his master's anxiety, sympathised with him, as far as his uncultivated mind could, and spoke to him as follows: "Come Sir, don't be in such trouble; remember the message Lady Adelaide sent you; I'll warrant she'll not think of such a fellow as that, may the devil crack his neck! who has nothing good
born

born with him but a coach and fix. There's all of us servants, and by my 'faith we are no bad judges, have agreed that it was such a pity, that a fellow like him should get her; and we said that you would be a thousand times a more becoming match for her. The men said that you deserved her, because you was so generous; and the women agreed that you ought to get her, because you was so handsome. But, indeed Sir, I thought that the young lady had hinted this matter to you, or I would have told you before now. However, I should have recollected, that we servants in general see things before our masters either say them or do them." The certainty of the fact, which Phelim had communicated to Elliot, furnished him with a number of speculations and conjectures, sufficient to employ him, until it became time for him to set out for the grove, where his mistress had
promised

promised to meet him. When he had got there, he hid himself in a thicket, and lay in the greatest anxiety, lest she should disappoint him. He had not lain there long, when he saw Mr. Reynel and his servant coming up the walk; they were talking earnestly, but not loud enough to be heard; so that all he could understand, was Reynel desiring the other, "to do this, and he knew his reward." The servant went immediately back again, and Reynel came on directly to the thicket where Stephen lay.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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